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RANDOM

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RECOLLECTIONS,

BY

HENRY B. STANTON.

From

H. B. Stanton

Johnstown

N.Y.

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P R E F A C E.

The following pages have been the work of the leisure hours of the past six weeks. They were prepared at the request of relatives and friends. The materials are drawn from memory, and perhaps are not the best selections from a large stock of the same kind. As I am near the close of my eightieth year, I have paid little attention to mere style. A copyright will be secured, and a few numbers printed for private circulation, but there will be none for sale.

H. B. S.

New York, March, 1885.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

MY BIRTH PLACE.

I was born on June 27th, 1805, on the margin of the river Pachaug in the part of Preston, which, in 1815, became Griswold, county of New London, Connecticut. I dwelt in the little hamlet of Pachaug till 1814 when my father removed to Jewett City in the same township, a pretty village, situated just where the Pachaug empties its pellucid waters into the more stately Quinnebaug, on whose banks I lived till the spring of 1826. These two beautiful streams flow lovingly along together some five miles southwesterly, till the Shetucket, which had already captured the Willimantic, pouring down from the north, regardless of the laws against polygamy, marries them all, gives them its own name, and leads them a rippling dance to Norwich. Here the Yantic having previously taken in small rivulets in the northwest, tumbles heedlessly over fantastic rocks, and joins the Shetucket. These five rivers and their accessories, after working their way toward the sea by turning the wheels of hundreds of factories, form the Thames in front of Norwich, and it marches off with its Indian tributaries in lordly style as becomes its English name. After greeting Fort Griswold and New London, the Thames falls into Long Island Sound just below the Pequod House and never comes to the surface again.

MY ANCESTRY.

My father was Joseph Stanton. He was born in Washington county, R. I., on the shores of the Atlantic, whence he went in his early days to Preston, Conn., to begin a mercantile career. He had a distinguished ancestry. His father was for a short time an officer in the Revolutionary War under his eldest brother, who was a young lieutenant in the army that conquered Canada from France in 1759, and subsequently a Colonel in the Revolution, and a Senator and Representative in Congress from Rhode Island for many

years. Another of the ancestral line was an officer in the forces that wrested Louisburg from the French in 1745, their stronghold in North America. From my father this line is traced directly upward through five generations to Thomas Stanton, who was born in England in 1615, and came to New England in 1635. He was learned for those days, became famous as a negotiator with the Indians, whose dialects he thoroughly mastered; was appointed by the Commissioners of the United Colonies Indian Interpreter General for New England; was a Judge of the New London County Court, and deputy for ten years to the General Court. He died in 1677.

My mother was Susan Brewster, born in Preston. Her father was Simon Brewster, who died in Griswold, August 16th, 1841, aged 90 years, 3 months and 15 days. He was a wealthy farmer and in due time a magistrate. He was one of the defenders of Fort Griswold, when it was stormed by Benedict Arnold. The line of the Brewsters goes straight upward from my mother to William Brewster, who was born at Scrooby, England, in 1566; was educated at Cambridge, entered the diplomatic service, was imprisoned at Boston a long time for non-conformity, and came to America by the way of Holland in the Mayflower and landed on Plymouth Rock, December 22d, 1620. Here he ministered as the ecclesiastical head of the Pilgrim Colony till his death on April 16th, 1644, aged 78. He is a prominent figure in the picture of the embarkation of the Pilgrims which hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

Thus my paternal line goes back in this country 250 years, and my maternal line 265 years, which I think entitles me to call myself a native born American.

My parents were married at Pachaug on January 25th, 1803.

My father was an enterprising country merchant, a shipper of goods to and from the West Indies, and a woolen manufacturer. He was a political leader of the Jefferson school, thoroughly versed in military matters, courtly in manners, and of indomitable courage. He died at New York in 1827. My mother was of the Puritan stock, intelligent, high-spirited and tender-hearted. She died at Rochester, N. Y., in 1853.

My father and mother had four sons and two daughters. All have passed within the veil except me and Rev. Robert Lodewick Stanton, D. D., who was born at Preston, on March 28th, 1810. He was educated at Lane Seminary, has been pastor at New Orleans, President of Oakland College, Miss., and of Miami, Ky., Uni-

versity, Ohio, Professor in Danville Theological Seminary, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and Government Visitor at West Point.

I will mention a few things in my native county.

INDIANS.

In early times three great tribes clustered in New London County, viz: the Pequods, the Mohicans and a branch of the Narragansetts. In my yonth quite a body of Mohicans dwelt near my home, while a liberal sprinkling of Narragansetts, and a bare trace of Pequods remained.

In 1637, the Pequods had a palisade fortress at Mystic, six miles from Pachang. Warlike and cruel, they had long been the scourge of Connecticut, and it was resolved to exterminate them. Their Sachem was the bloody Sassaens. The hypocritical Uncas was the chief of the Mohicans. "Uncas Rock" is still a famous landmark, overlooking the Yantic Falls, near Norwich. The chief of the Narragansetts was the generous Miantonomoh, one of the noblest and most unfortunate of his race. He was the nephew of the great Canonicus, the Sachem who saved the Plymouth pilgrims from destruction, and succored Roger Williams when he was banished from Massachusetts.

EXTERMINATION OF PEQUODS.

In May, 1637, Captain John Mason with ninety white soldiers, 70 Mohicans under the lead of Uncas, and several hundred Narragansetts, commanded by Miantonomoh, attacked the Pequods at dead of night in their stronghold at Mystic. The battle was desperate. It became a massacre. The assailants set fire to the birch bark wigwams within the palisades. The swamp was soon a lake of flame, devouring men, squaws and papooses, while those who attempted to flee were shot or pierced with arrows. A few escaped and never rested foot till they reached the Mohawk beyond Albany. A handful received quarter from the gentle Miantonomoh. It was the end of the once powerful Pequods.

And now for the sad fate of Miantonomoh. In 1643 he was attacked by Uncas. Their tribes had a fierce struggle on Sachem's Plain, just west of Norwich. Miantonomoh was defeated. Heartless white Commissioners delivered him into the hands of Uncas, who took his victim to the field where the day had gone against him, and near the "Uncas Rock," he cut from the shoulder of the

unflinching Miantonomoh a slice of flesh, broiled it before his eyes, devoured it and said, "it is the sweetest meat I ever ate." He then dispatched the fallen Sachem with his own tomahawk. In 1844, two hundred years after this barbarous deed, Connecticut rendered tardy homage to the intrepid Miantonomoh by erecting a monument to his memory at the spot where he met his cruel death.

In the last century a dirge was composed to the memory of Miantonomoh, and set to a plaintive melody. In my childhood we had a negro slave whose voice was attuned to the sweetest cadence. Many a time did she lull me to slumber by singing this touching lament. It sunk deep into my breast and moulded my advancing years. Before I reached manhood, I resolved that I would become the champion of the oppressed colored races of my country. I have kept my vow.

BENEDICT ARNOLD—THE TRAITOR.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich in 1740. In my youth I often passed the house where he first saw the light, and once ventured timidly within. It cowered among gloomy trees away from the street as if ashamed to face the sunshine. Arnold having failed to deliver West Point to the British, they fitted out an expedition under his command to Eastern Connecticut in the fall of 1781. He burned New London, and expressed malignant regrets that he could not lay his native town in ashes. He attacked Fort Griswold on Gorton Heights and massacred a large portion of the garrison. Colonel William Ledyard, the intrepid commander, the brother of the famous traveller, was thrust through with his own sword after he had surrendered. The wounded were thrown into carts, which, by their own weight, plunged with their writhing freight, furiously down the rocky declivity toward the Thames. A shapely monument now crowns the Heights. On marble tablets at its base are engraved the names of the one hundred and more who were slain on that bloody day. Among them are three or four Stantons. My grandfather Brewster participated in this deadly affray, but came out uninjured. I scarcely need add that the people of my county were taught to detest the cowardly traitor, Benedict Arnold.

THE WAR OF 1812-1815.

As New London was rather a fighting County, I will dispose of the war of 1812-15 before touching on a few topics that occurred earlier. In 1813 Commodore Stephen Decatur, the lion of our Navy, undertook to go to sea with his fleet through the eastern end of

Long Island Sound. Commodore Hardy who had been the Captain of Nelson's flag ship at Trafalgar, where the great Admiral fell, chased Decatur into New London with a superior force. Well do I remember the prodigious sensation this caused in the rural towns. Hardy blockaded Decatur's fleet more than a year, ravaging the coast by incursions on shore at safe points, frightening the women with the thunder of his guns, and keeping the militia of the County constantly on the alert. The division of my father was at the front nearly half the time. As became a staunch Madisonian he was busy drilling the militia for home consumption in raising volunteers to go to Canada, and in manufacturing songs adapted to the exigency. I recall scores of these doggerel verses. One gory ballad ran out,

"Brave boys, don't be afraid or skittish,
But go and learn to fight the British!"

The aforesaid "boys" were told not to dread the Red Coats, for

"If you'll boil a lobster in a stew,
He'll look as red and gay as they do."

On a sunny day in September, 1814, I went to Mrs. Ephraim Tucker's, a couple of miles from home, to play. Her husband, a lieutenant in my father's command, was at the seaside. Soon we heard the boom of Hardy's guns, floating up from Stonington Point. Mrs. Tucker and I were seated on the door steps. An infant lay in her lap. Boom! boom! boom! went the cannon for hours. Tears stole down her ashen cheeks, and she shook like an aspen leaf. I was nine years old. In my boyish way I tried to comfort her by telling her that my father would see to it that Mr. Tucker was not hurt. The attack at Stonington was a fiasco. Hardy's firing was feeble and wild.

In the Fremont campaign of 1856, I went to Norwich to address a mass meeting. It occurred to me to run out to Poehang, which I had not visited for a long, long period. I seated myself on the doorsteps of the Tucker house, now occupied by strangers. My eye rested on the cemetery which crowned the neighboring hill where lay in dread repose the generation I had known in my youth. I mused deeply on the events that had transpired in my life in the 42 years that had passed since I sat there before. Such thoughts and scenes rarely come to us except in the visions of the night.

COMMODORE O. H. PERRY.

At the close of the war I visited relatives of the name of Hazard, at Westerly, R. I., near the old Stanton homestead. Commo-

dore Oliver Hazard Perry was born in that county. One day the hero at the battle of Lake Erie suddenly dropped in at the Hazard's. His visit elicited a burst of enthusiasm. His dashing manners and brilliant uniform filled me with visions of naval glory, and I wanted him to take me to sea. He bore a striking resemblance to the portraits and statues of him which I saw in riper years.

I longed to see the ocean and hear the beating of its great heart. My father took me to Watch Hill near the mouth of Pawcatuc River. We arrived late in the evening. The sky was clear, the wind was brisk, the full moon was playing on the waves. I did not sleep a wink. All night I sat at the window and gazed at the whitecaps of the billows or lay on the bed listening to the roar of the breakers.

“Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;
Such as Creation’s dawn beheld thou rollest now.”

BITTER POLITICS.

The polities of this epoch was extremely bitter. I have witnessed three such eras: the Madisonian in Connecticut, the Anti-Masonic in Western New York, and the persecution of the Abolitionists everywhere; and I hardly know which was the most acrimonious. Leaving the two latter to take their turn, I will say a few words about the first.

In Madisonian days school-boys pulled hair, and grown men drew swords. I took a hand in the first mentioned pastime, understanding just about as much of the merits of the scrimmage as the mass of voters do now-a-days in Presidential contests. As to deadly weapons, I saw my father, in 1812 or 1813, drive out of his grounds at Pachaug, sword in hand, a whole company of Federalist Militia, who had come there to insult him. The lawsuit which followed cost him a round sum. Smaller fights were often ludicrous. The standing menace of one old Federalist, when heavily loaded with cider brandy, was: “I will not say that every Democrat is a horse thief, but I do say that every horse thief is a Democrat.” A sturdy Democrat, who had smelt powder at the seaside, taught me to stand on a chair and say, that “The Hartford Convention was hatched in the purlieus of hell!” What purlieus meant and what the Hartford Convention was, I did not know, and I presume the most of my admiring auditors were in the same predicament. After much delay a new Democratic Journal came to town. Its motto was from Shakespeare’s Henry VIII., “Be just and fear not.” The

Editor named his author. A warm Madisonian wiped his spectacles. His eyes fell on the motto. He read it straight through without a pause, "Be just and fear not Shakespeare." Lifting his fist he exclaimed, "I'll let 'em know I don't fear Shakespeare or any other Federalist." All through Connecticut, those turbulent years inflamed partisans rent families, churches and neighborhoods asunder. Vituperation furnished the staple of political discussion.

THE BLUE LAWS.

It will be remembered that the Congregationalists, or "The Standing Order," as they were called, had long been the established church of Connecticut. In 1818 portions of the Federalists of other denominations united with the Democrats and defeated the Federal party, electing Oliver Wolcott for Governor over John Cotton Smith. The last trace of the Blue Law dynasty soon disappeared. It was one of the bitterest political conflicts I ever saw. A version of the constitution placed all sects on a basis of political equality.

OUR MEETING HOUSE.

Our Congregational house of worship stood on a lawn, surrounded by oaks, on the banks of the Paehaug. It was constructed of wood, according to the severest order of Puritan architecture, large, square, with two stories of glaring windows on four sides, the pulpit a perch, the galleries ample, the pews boxes, except the negro pew which was a pen near the ceiling. Opposite the front entrance was the whipping post, near by were the stocks, while on a distant hill grinned the skeleton of a gallows. In my childhood, I saw a wretch scourged at the post, a drunkard writhing in the stocks, and a negro executed on the gallows. These exhibitions have sufficed me for a lifetime.

For years we had no fires in the Church in the winter, and we worshipped God and shivered over the Westminster catechism till finally the congregation came to the conclusion that freezing was not a means of grace, and two huge stoves were brought in. We had fine singing, but no musical instrument except the chorister's pitchpipe. Ere I left Griswold I saw the gallery desecrated by a bass viol and a flute. We had no clock wherewith to time the sermon, though the minister had an hour glass in the pulpit. One of the early clergymen of Paehaug used to pray 60 minutes by the glass. Now I am on time-pieces I will add, that I doubt if when I was born there were five gold watches in the county. How

changed! In this progressive age, every boy claims one as soon as he has learned to swear. Silver Swiss watches were common; the poor resorted to sun dials, and the affluent had eight day clocks in their parlors, counting the passing hours with owl-like gravity. The pitchpipe reminds me that I recollect seeing only two pianos in my county, though harps and harpsichords were not infrequent, and there was a surfeit of drums, fifes, fiddles and trumpets as befitted a martial people.

THE CLERGY.

There was rare stability in the Ecclesiastical affairs of Pachaug. Three Congregational ministers were settled there in unbroken succession from 1720 to 1830, a period of 110 years, viz.: Hezekiah Lord, Levi Hart and Horatio Waldo. Dr. Hart was the son-in-law of the famous Dr. Bellamy, the rival of Jonathan Edwards, and he was the friend of the celebrated Dr. Hopkins the founder of the Hopkinsian sect. Drs. Bellamy and Hopkins often preached in Pachaug. Dr. Hart died in October, 1808, an event I remember as if it had happened yesterday. His venerable form, arrayed in the clerical costume of the revolution, rises before me as I write this line. This fact is perhaps worthy of notice as showing that octogenarians may distinctly recall things that occurred when they were three years old.

A few passing words about other clerical celebrities. The echo of Whitfield's fame lingered among my native hills. My grandmother told me of the mellow accents of his voice, now soft as a flute, anon swelling like a bugle, of his dramatic gestures and thrilling appeals, which swayed great audiences as it swept by the wings of the tempest, and how he rode at full gallop from town to town to meet engagements, the skirts of his silk gown streaming behind on the wind. Controversies about his "measures" were alive even in my day. I have bent reverently over the sepulchre of the peerless preacher in Newburyport. The Baptists were occasionally represented in our town by their two great lights, the Rev. Silas and Roswell Burroughs, of Stonington. Rev. Ami Rodgers, a flowery speaker, built a stone church for the Episcopalians at Jewett City. The strangest and widest known of all was Lorenzo Dow, a Methodist who travelled the world over, and lived near Griswold where he often preached and always drew crowds. He looked like Joe Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*. His sermons were sharply anti-Calvanistic, and his illustrations the quaintest imaginable, while his manners overstepped all ordinary bounds. When disoursing, he

bestrode the pulpit, stood on the stairs or walked through the aisles. One characteristic anecdote must suffice. It was in the height of the summer solstice. An aged matron occupied a conspicuous seat. She wore a tall cap with a wide limpsey border which rose and fell under the impulse of a broad fan in a style so odd that the boys kept tittering. Mr. Dow endured it for a while and then pausing in his sermon and pointing his finger at the venerable lady, exclaimed: "O, God, send an arrow of conviction down from Heaven straight through that old woman's cap border into her heart!" The fan was folded, the boys subsided, and the discourse went on.

SOME OAK TREES.

I have spoken of the oaks that surrounded the Pachaug church. I was aware that the large things of yonth look small in riper years. I had seen many big oaks in this country and Europe, when, in 1868, being near Pachaug, I thought I would run over and measure those oaks, which I had not seen in a long while, but had never been able to get wholly out of my head. Alas! the biggest had sunk under the weight of age, and the next biggest had succumbed to an autumn gale. I measured the two largest that remained. The trunk of the smallest of these averaged sixteen feet in circumference, and from tip to tip of its longest limbs it measured through the body 110 feet. The trunk of the largest averaged eighteen and a half feet in circumference, and from tip to tip of its longest limbs it measured through the body 120 feet. These were not "the babes of the woods." Nobody knew anything of the age of these patriarchs.

SCHOOLS AND BOOKS.

Well do I remember the little red school house in which I had learned the A. B. Cs. The sun glared upon it in summer, and the snows blockaded it in winter. The huge fireplace blazed with hickory logs from November to April. Consequently, the youngsters who sat on the low hard benches near the hearth, were roasted, while the big boys and girls who occupied the back benches near the rattling windows, shivered with cold. Our ordinary text books were Webster's Spelling Book, Daboll's Arithmetic, Murray's Grammar, Morse's Geography, Flint's Surveying, Tytler's History, Belknap's Biography, the American Preceptor and the never-to-be-forgotten Westminster Catechism. We had no maps, atlases, blackboards, or any other of the modern aids and appliances for the acquisition of knowledge. We lost less by this than many imagine. Learn-

ing is like gold. Those who get it by the hardest work generally keep it, while from those to whom it comes without the asking, it is liable to slip away. The most of what I obtained in the old school house at Pachaug and the ricketty building at Jewett City in youthful days, stays with me yet. Aside from school books, Bibles, psalm books and the professional books of the clergy, the physicians and our one lawyer, I presume all the volumes in this rather wealthy town did not exceed 150. I think I went through the whole of them more than once.

OUR TEACHERS.

Nathan Daboll, the arithmetician, was a native of our County. Of course we thought he was the greatest mathematician in the world. One day we heard he was about to pass the red school house. We were marshalled out to greet him, the pupils all in a row, and the master at the head of the line. Mr. Daboll approached on a venerable gray horse, his white head touching the pommel of the saddle. We gave him a low bow, he lifted his aged hat, smiled benignly and rode on. A few years before he had taught school in Griswold.

One of my teachers at Jewett City was George D. Prentice, the poet, who was born within a stone's throw of me. He is better known as the witty editor of the *Louisville Journal*, now the *Courier-Journal*, managed by Henry Watterson. Many were the literary favors I received from Prentice. He was a graduate of Brown, an admirable instructor, a ripe scholar, had a wonderful memory, and was a skillful wrestler. I have seen him on a wager read two large pages in a strange book twice through, and then repeat them without a miss. The champion wrestler of the county met Prentice casually in the barroom of the Jewett City Hotel. The champion was a stalwart fellow, tall, athletic and weighed 50 per cent more than Prentice. The floor was hard and the ceiling was high. They clinched. The struggle was brief but desperate. The champion went under rather lightly. He insisted upon another hold. No sooner were they ready than Prentice threw the champion clear over his shoulders, bringing him to the floor with a thud that made the house jar, and beating all the breath out of his body.

Prentice studied law at Griswold. He wore a pistol, but had no use for it there. When he went to Louisville and took up the editorial pen, the pistol came into play. I last met him in 1859 at New York, where he had come to issue a volume of his witty sayings.

FACTORIES.

In passing through Jewett City, the industrious Pachaug river propelled the wheels of a dozen mills. Among them was a woolen factory erected at the opening of the century by a Mr. Scofield, an Englishman, who brought his machinery from beyond the Atlantic. It was said that threats were made to kill him in order to crush this then scarcely born species of industry. England has since learned to accomplish the same end by prostrating the protective tariffs of her rivals. My father was ultimately the partner of Scofield. At the same time he manufactured machinery, and owned two country stores. The years I spent in these stores and factories gave me a close acquaintance with merchandise and machinery. The latter served me an excellent purpose in later times when I became a patent lawyer and tried patent suits in the Courts.

HENRY CLAY.

We always celebrated the Fourth of July. We had our dinner, read the Declaration of Independence, drank our lemon punch, gave the thirteen regular toasts, and then called for volunteers; that is to say, the full grown men did this. I was brought up to admire Henry Clay. In 1824, Clay, Crawford, Adams and Jackson were running for the Presidency. The Fourth of July brought its celebration. Captain Fanning, my great uncle, who had fought through the revolution, was to preside at the dinner. How I got in I do not now remember. Clad in the garb of the previous century, and crowned with a flowing wig, Captain Fanning sat at the head of the table, gave the regular toasts, and asked for volunteers. I sprang to my feet, my chin a little above the table cloth, delivered a speech about half an inch long, and gave, "Henry Clay; the eloquent champion of domestic manufactures and internal improvements." My prim old uncle stared at me with amazement. The Clay men clinked their glasses, pounded the table, and I sat down covered with confusion and applaunce. This was the first of the sixteen Presidential campaigns in which I have delivered speeches--sometimes not a few.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

In 1825, Gen. LaFayette in his last visit to this country passed through Jewett City on his way from New York to Boston. We had short notice of his coming. The whole village turned out to greet him. Captain Fanning who had fought under him at Mon-

month and had taken a hasty breakfast with him just as the battle was commencing, did the honors of the present occasion. La Fayette and Fanning had not met in nearly 45 years, and the latter was wondering if the Marquis would recognize him. The coach drove up. It was late in the evening. The Marquis alighted with his son and other companions and entered the hotel. Captain Fanning stood in the parlor without moving. La Fayette gazed intently at him for a moment, then walked straight up to him, and throwing his arms around him, French fashion, exclaimed, "Captain Fanning! God bless you, my old comrade!"

JOURNEY TO ROCHESTER, N. Y. IN 1826.

Early in April, 1826, I started for the "far west," even to the Genesee country, which seemed then farther off than Oregon does now. My route was by Long Island Sound, the Hudson River and Erie Canal, which had been completed the October previous. I arrived at New York in the morning. It then contained a population of one hundred and fifty thousand. I rushed into Broadway. All the world seemed to be there. I stared at the tall houses, and everybody I didn't run into ran into me. I was specially attracted by the omnibuses, as I have seen to be the case with other emigrants in later years. They were bound for such far-off villages as Greenwich and Chelsea, which, I subsequently learned, were located one near the foot of Tenth street, and the other at Eighteenth street, on the west side. We had taken Major Noah's newspaper, and I knew about Tammany Hall and the Bucktails. I sought the famous building. I stood before it. I remembered the couplet:

"There's a barrel of porter in Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the day long."

I confronted the City Hall. To my youthful eye it seemed an architectural marvel. Well, to this day it is one of the most unique specimens of its kind in the country. New York City at this period has been described a thousand times. I pass on.

ALBANY.

I reached Albany in the forenoon. Its population was fifteen thousand. I repaired to the Capitol. It filled me with wonder. I thought it equal to the edifice which crowned the Capitoline Hill in ancient Rome. I was bewildered when I learned that it cost \$100,000. The Tweed style of doing this sort of a thing had not then been discovered. There it stood; its massive walls; its fluted columns; its towering dome surmounted by the Statue of Justice bear-

ing aloft the scales. I entered the Assembly Chamber and listened to an angry debate between Samuel Young, Erastus Root and Francis Granger, then among the renowned politicians of New York. Granger was the attraction of the ladies' gallery. Clad in a bottle-green coat with gilt buttons and brilliant appurtenances to match, he was a model of grace and beauty. I went into the Senate Chamber and heard a disension about the Canals and State Road, by Cadwallader D. Colden of New York, and Silas Wright of St. Lawrence. Lieutenant Governor James Tallmadge, who had won distinction in the Missouri controversy, filled the chair. These things and these men looked large to me then. Years afterward when a member of the same body, and standing behind the scenes, they dwindled in magnitude.

DE WITT CLINTON.

I saw the Governor in the Executive Chamber. De Witt Clinton was one of the most magnificent men that ever stood on the soil of New York. He was then in the height of his grandeur and glory. The Erie Canal, his greatest achievement, had been finished the previous fall, and he had come down from Buffalo to Albany in the canal boat "Young Lion of the West" through an unbroken succession of cheers and the booming of cannon. He ranked among the foremost Statesmen of the nation.

ON TO ROCHESTER.

The canal not being wholly free of ice I went by stage coach to Utica. The tributaries of the Mohawk River not having been then denuded of their protecting forests, its banks were full. On arriving at Utica I could say with Campbell,

"From break of day to set of sun,
"I've seen the mighty Mohawk run."

Utica was a gem of a city with four thousand five hundred souls. I took the packet boat for Rochester. We passed through Syracuse in a drizzling rain. It contained about two thousand five hundred people, and was just scrambling out of its salt pits, covered with mud and slime. By-the-by, I had supposed that the Erie Canal was a pellucid stream like my own Pachang. I found it the muddiest ditch I ever saw. We shot into Rochester through the aqueduct across the Genesee as the sun was peeping over the shoulders of the hills in Brighton. The aqueduct seemed to me equal to those famous structures which supplied old Rome with water.

ROCHESTER.

In April, 1826, Rochester was a little town of three thousand five hundred inhabitants, clinging with tenacity to both banks of the Genesee. In the center of the village roared the Falls, one hundred feet high. It already showed premonitory symptoms of its coming beauty and greatness. It was growing with marvellous rapidity. Stumps of trees were standing in some its principal streets, and the woodman's axe was hewing down the forest to make room for other streets.

WILLIAM MORGAN.

In September, 1826, William Morgan was abducted from Canandaigua, carried through Rochester, and incarcerated in Fort Niagara, which stood solitary and alone, abandoned by the government. Then broke out the anti-Masonic excitement which convulsed western New York for many years. These bitter controversies tore society all in pieces. Their history has been written again and again, and I shall not repeat a line of it, although I was a witness of the whole of it. The statement of Mr. Thurlow Weed, published since his death, in regard to the fate of Morgan is, no doubt, substantially true. I knew all the principal characters mentioned in that statement. I have seen many sharp political and social contests in my day, and viewed in some aspects I think the anti-Masonic feuds excelled them all.

THURLOW WEED.

When I came to Rochester Mr. Weed was the editor of a weekly Clintonian newspaper, called the *Monroe Telegraph*. He had been a Member of Assembly the year before. He was one of the poorest and worst dressed men in Rochester. He dwelt in a cheap house in an obscure part of the village. In the central and western counties of the State, however, he was then as great a power in politics as at any subsequent period of his life. He was often sent by his associates on missions of grave importance into various states. He sometimes had to borrow clothes to give him an appearance befitting his talents. I was standing one day in the street with Mr. Weed and Frederick Whittlesey, who was subsequently Vice Chancellor and Judge of the Old Supreme Court, when up came Weed's little son and said: "Father, mother wants a shilling to buy some bread." Weed put on a queer look, felt in his pockets and remarked: "That is a home appeal, but I'll be hanged if I've got the shil-

ling." Whittlesey pulled out a silver dollar, gave it to the boy and said: "Take that home to your mother." He seized the glittering prize and ran off like a deer. I don't mention these things to the discredit of Mr. Weed, but to his honor. It was rare that a man who was so poor should be so great. Spattered with ink, and with bare arms, he pulled at the old press of the *Telegraph*, and wrote those sparkling paragraphs which in later years made the *Albany Evening Journal* famous.

SAM PATCH.

I must dispose of one or two little things in Rochester without recollecting precisely the year in which they occurred. Sam Patch, the famous jumper and diver, came there in the fall, we will say, of 1828, and proposed to leap from the Falls in the heart of the village. On the day fixed Sam appeared. The banks of the river as far as the eye could reach were lined with spectators. He was dressed in a suit of white, and I will state for the benefit of other fools of the same class, that before he leaped he placed his hands firmly on his loins, then sprang from the shelving rock, and went down straight as an arrow. He came up feet foremost and swam ashore amid the shouts of thousands. A few days later he proposed to leap again. He erected a scaffold twenty-five feet high on the brink of the Falls, making the descent one hundred and twenty-five feet. On the day named another immense throng assembled. Mr. Weed and I happened to meet at the foot of the scaffold. Patch came, dressed as before, and, apparently, a little under the influence of liquor. As he ascended the scaffold Mr. Weed left, but I remained. As Patch went down his arms were all in a whirl, and he struck the water with a stunning splash. The crowd waited for hours. He did not rise. The next spring the mangled remains of the poor wretch were found at the foot of the falls at Carthage four miles below.

EDMUND KEAN.

We had a little theatre at Rochester, managed by an Englishman named Williams, who had played subordinate parts to Edmund Kean in London. Kean stopped at Rochester with one or two companions, on his way to Niagara Falls for rest. Williams was always in debt, and generally in the hands of the sheriff. He saw Kean at the hotel and implored him to play one night and help him out of difficulty. Please remember this was the original Kean, the real Kean, the great Kean; not the feeble imitation which appeared

in his son Charles Kean. The peerless actor yielded to the importunities of Williams. Ample time for preparation was given; the price of seats was put up three times the current rates in New York; the play was "The Iron Chest," Kean, of course, taking the part of Sir Edward Mortimer. The elite of Monroe and one or two adjoining counties packed the house in every part. The affair was a grand success. At the close of the performance we got a speech out of Kean, and Williams got out of the hands of the sheriff.

DEATH OF DE WITT CLINTON.

In February, 1828, De Witt Clinton died without a moment's warning, at Albany. The profound impression which his decease produced in New York has never been equalled by any similar event. The contest for the Presidency between John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson had just opened. Clinton had declared in favor of Jackson, and was bringing over to his standard as rapidly as possible, his great following. The personal party which Clinton had built up was never equalled in the State. Martin Van Buren, a prominent Senator in Congress, head of the Albany Regency, and an opponent of Clinton, was the Jackson leader in New York. It was understood that Jackson's partialities for Clinton were so strong that in case of his election he would have made him Secretary of State, and Van Buren would have had to wait. At a meeting of the New York delegation in Congress, held at Washington in regard to the death of Clinton, Stephen Van Rensselaer presided, and Van Buren made the memorial speech. He closed with these words: "I who never envied him anything while living, am now tempted to envy him his grave with its honors."

Van Buren was in due time nominated for Governor for the ensuing election to help Jackson carry New York. His first mission was to conciliate the friends of Clinton. In the summer of 1828 he made a tour for that purpose. He came to Rochester. The next day was the Sabbath. He attended the First Presbyterian Church, the wealthy and aristocratic church of the town, and occupied the pew of one of the elders who had been a life-long Federalist and supporter of Clinton. All eyes were fixed upon the man who held Jackson's fate in his hands. As everybody knows, Van Buren was rather an exquisite in personal appearance. His complexion was a bright blonde, and he dressed accordingly. On this occasion he wore an elegant snuff-colored broadcloth coat, with velvet collar to match; his cravat was orange tinted silk with modest lace tips; his vest was of a pearl hue; his trousers were white duck; his silk

hose corresponded to the vest, his shoes were Morocco; his nicely fitting gloves were yellow kid; his hat, a long-furred beaver, with broad brim, was of Quaker color. Roscoe Conkling, his distinguished successor in the Senate, never excelled that.

• POLITICS.

We will go back a little in this year 1828. My idol, Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, was involved in the struggle between Adams and Jackson, and I was, therefore, for Adams. Early in the spring, I made a speech in favor of Adams, at Rochester. In the summer I attended a Young-Men's-Adams State Convention at Utica, whereof William H. Seward was President. Here commenced an acquaintance between us which lasted till the death of that great statesman in 1871. I delivered several addresses in Monroe County during this campaign, and wrote some articles in Mr. Weed's *Telegraph*, and in November cast my first presidential vote. The day went against us in New York, owing to votes thrown away on Solomon Southwick, the anti-Masonic candidate for Governor. Van Buren was chosen, and in March he took the office of Secretary of State under Jackson.

COURTS OF LAW.

In January, 1829, I became Deputy Clerk of Monroe. The Clerk lived many miles out of town, and the responsibilities of the office fell entirely upon me. I officiated as Clerk for nearly three years in all the Courts of Record. In witnessing conflicts of lawyers, and some of them were the heads of the profession, I learned a great deal of law, and especially in the matter of evidence. Indeed, I was studying law all these years. Among the leaders of the profession in Monroe were Daniel D. Barnard, Addison Gardiner and Samuel L. Selden, names that will be instantly recognized by the Bar throughout the State. We had occasional visits from such men as Daniel Cady, Elisha Williams, John C. Spencer and Henry R. Storrs, while among the young lawyers who tried causes in our county were Millard Fillmore and William H. Seward.

ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.

In 1829 it was resolved to run Thurlow Weed for the Assembly. The campaign was to the last degree acrimonious. Weed's leadership in the anti-Masonic excitement had raised up against him an army of enemies. The famous cry of "A good enough Morgan till after the election" was worked for all it was worth. Weed was a

tremendous power at the polls. With one hand full of ballots and the other on the shoulder of a hesitating voter, it was impossible for his prisoner to escape the influence of his magnetic eye. Weed's opponent was a prominent member of the First Presbyterian congregation. It was deemed important that Weed should attend service there on the Sabbath previous to the election. He borrowed some garments, came in on time, wearing a wretched cravat and a shocking bad hat. The next day he abstained from the polls, but could not help taking a seat in a loft which overlooked the principal voting place of Rochester, and for three days during which the contest lasted, he walked the room like a caged lion. I now and then repaired to the room, and as Weed would look out upon the sidewalk and see a doubtful voter approaching the polls he would wring his hands and say: "O! what would I give if I could see that man for one moment." Weed was triumphant and went to the Assembly, and in April, 1830 he issued the first number of the *Albany Evening Journal*.

CHARLES G. FINNEY.

The clergy of Rochester in 1830 were exceptionally able. The minister of the First Presbyterian Church was Dr. Penny; the pastor of the second was Mr. James, son of the Albany millionaire, familiarly called "Billy" James; the pulpit of the third was vacant; the Episcopal clergyman was Mr. Whitehouse, subsequently the distinguished Bishop of Illinois, Dr. Comstock of Baptist Church had served six years in Congress, the Methodist preacher was a brother of Millard Fillmore. In October, 1830, Charles G. Finney, the famous evangelist, came to Rochester to supply the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian Church. I had been absent a few days and on my return was asked to hear him. It was in the afternoon. A tall, grave looking man, dressed in an unclerical suit of gray, ascended the pulpit. Light hair covered his tall forehead; his eyes were of a sparkling blue, and his every movement dignified and graceful. I listened. It did not sound like preaching, but like a lawyer arguing a case before a court and jury. This was not singular, perhaps, for the speaker had been a lawyer before he became a clergyman. The discourse was a chain of the closest logic, brightened by felicity of illustration and enforced by urgent appeals from a voice of rare compass and melody. Mr. Finney was then in the fullness of his powers. He had won distinction elsewhere, but was unknown in Rochester. He preached there six months, usually speaking three times on the Sabbath, and three or four times dur-

ing the week. His style was particularly attractive for lawyers. He illustrated his points frequently and happily by references to legal principles. The first effect was produced among the higher classes. It began with the judges, the lawyers, the physicians, the bankers and the merchants, and worked its way down to the bottom of society, till nearly everybody had joined one or the other of the churches controlled by the different denominations. I have heard many celebrated pulpit orators in various parts of the world. Taken all in all, I never knew the superior of Charles G. Finney. His power over an audience was wonderful. Do not infer that there was a trace of rant or fustian in him. You might as well apply these terms to heavy artillery on a field of battle. His sermons were usually an hour long, but on some occasions I have known an audience which packed every part of the house and filled the aisles, listen to him without the movement of a foot two hours and a half. He was a fine singer, and when a lawyer, used to lead the choir and play the bass-viol in his town. In singing the Doxology he alone could fill the largest edifices. His gestures were appropriate, forcible and graceful. As he would stand with his face toward the side gallery and then involuntarily wheel around, all the audience in that part of the house toward which he threw his arm would dodge as if he were hurling something at them. In describing the sliding of a sinner to perdition he would lift his long finger toward the ceiling and slowly bring it down till it pointed to the area in front of the pulpit, when half his hearers in the rear of the house would rise unconsciously to their feet to see him descend into the pit below. Bear in mind that this was without the slightest approach to excitement on the part of the orator. I believe that Mr. Finney regarded his success at Rochester as among the greatest of his remarkable career. In theology he was a New School Presbyterian.

LANE SEMINARY.

I desired to supply deficiencies in an imperfect education. After studying the Classics a year or more in and around Rochester I went in the spring of 1832 to Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, over which Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher was to preside. Having to support younger brothers in their educational aspirations, I would fain save a little by going to Cincinnati part way on a raft of lumber. I helped to load a raft at Olean, N. Y., and then aided to guide it down the whirling currents of the Alleghany River to Pittsburgh. There I took a deck passage on a steamboat to Cincinnati. I believe I did my full share of the work of managing an

car on the raft, and preventing it from following the bad example of several other rafts which lost their heads and scattered their bones along the banks of the turbulent river.

FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY SPEECH.

In the summer of 1832, I was passing through the hall of the Seminary and saw on the bulletin board of my club that the question for debate that evening was this: "If the slaves of the South were to rise in insurrection, would it be the duty of the North to aid in putting it down?" I glanced at the board and never dreamed there would be more than one side to the question, and that the negative. When the hot evening came, to my surprise everybody arranged themselves in the affirmative part of the room except myself. As it afterward came to pass that this was the beginning of my life-work, and lent color to my whole future existence, I shall be pardoned for a few personal details. This was in the midst of the Southampton insurrection in Virginia, when Nat. Turner, a deluded negro, had raised an insurrection which made the cheek of the ancient Dominion turn pale and its knees smite together in terror. As the only person on my side of the pending debate, I had the privilege of waiting till all my opponents were through before I spoke. I first divested myself of my cravat, then of my collar, then of my coat, then of my vest. As the debate went on and the perspiration started from me in unwonted streams I repaired to my room, took off my boots, put on my slippers, and returned to the club. When I rose to speak I might be regarded as standing in what was said to be the regular ball costume in Arkansas, viz: a shirt collar and a pair of spurs: but I never spoke with more fervor and satisfaction for three-quarters of an hour than on that occasion. This was my first anti-slavery speech. I "fought it out on that line" till I saw the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments incorporated into the Constitution, and Horace Greeley the regular Democratic candidate for President, when I was ready to say with one of old, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace" * * * * for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

LYMAN BEECHER.

Dr. Beecher was tried for heresy by the Presbytery of Cincinnati for certain utterances of his in New England. The case had got up to the Synod which met in Cincinnati in 1834. The testimony was all in. One forenoon Dr. Beecher commenced summing up in his defence. As usual he was able and ingenious while ad-

dressing his distinguished auditory. On the adjournment at noon he took a select party to his house for dinner, among whom were some of his antagonists. As was the Doctor's wont in enthusiastic hours he kept right on making his speech at the dinner-table. He was vivid, elastic and facetious. He seemed particularly desirous of favorably impressing his moderate opponents. Suddenly there piped up from the lower end of the table a voice which uttered these words: "Father, I listened to your speech in the Synod this morning, and I know you are plagued good at twisting, but if you can twist your creed onto the Westminster Confession of Faith, you can twist better than I think you can." The Doctor's countenance fell, but only for a moment. He suddenly rallied and said, "All my boys are smart, and some of them are impudent." Then, of course, rose a laugh. The voice that piped up from the lower end of the table belonged to Henry Ward Beecher. Whether he can twist his creed onto the Confession of Faith it does not become me to decide. The Doctor's case went up to the General Assembly, and was yet undecided when the Presbyterian Church was rent in two in 1838.

Doctor Beecher was one of the magnates of New School Presbyterianism in whose ranks shone Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor of New Haven, Albert Barnes of Philadelphia, Dr. N. S. S. Beman of Troy, and Charles G. Finney. Mr. Beman was the debater of his faction. The leader on the Old School side was Dr. Ashbel Green, President of Princeton College. The combatants fought just like the world's people, and kept the church in a turmoil for years. Dr. Beman was often sarcastic. It will be remembered that in the fly-leaf of the old Catechism were poetic couplets, arranged under the letters of the alphabet, and set to horrible rhymes. The one under A read:

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all."

Dr. Beman used to repeat this, and then add to it:

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all;
In Cain's murder,
We sinned furder;
By Doctor Green,
Our sin is seen."

I could give many anecdotes illustrating the peculiar characteristics of Dr. Beecher; but I forbear except to tell one, to show his chronic absent-mindedness. He preached in the First Presbyterian Church, the aristocratic, rich church of Cincinnati. He was always doing some odd thing. One Sunday he came in late; the house was packed; he walked rapidly up the aisle with a piece of blotted

manuscript in his hand; ascended the pulpit; opened the Bible; spread his manuscript, took his text, and was about to begin his sermon without any preliminary exercises. One of the Elders rose from his pew and stood. The Elder looked at the Doctor; the Doctor looked at the Elder. The Elder came out of his pew, the Doctor came down the stairs, and they met. The Elder whispered a few words in the Doctor's ear, the Doctor re-ascended, closed his Bible, and said "Let us pray." This was a specimen of many such performances. I don't know of any better way of accounting for it than to tell what the Doctor once said to us at the Seminary when giving a lecture in oratory. "Young gentlemen," said he, "don't stand before a looking-glass and make gestures. Never mind your gestures. Pump yourselves brim-full of your subject till you can't hold another drop, and then knock out the bung and let nature caper." In the instance of the sermon the Doctor had pumped himself full on the subject in his study, and when he reached the Church was too eager to knock out the bung.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.

In 1834, I went to Danville, Ky., to obtain a letter from Mr Birney giving his reasons for joining the anti-Slavery Society. It was a remarkably able document and had a large circulation. He had been a slave-holder, belonged to one of the first Kentucky families, and was a profound lawyer. He was the father of Major General David B. Birney who commanded a corps in the army of the Potomac in the War of the Rebellion, where he fought in defence of his father's principles. He died in the war. Mr. Birney was the first Liberty-Party candidate for President. He was a wise, upright, far-seeing patriot.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

I attended the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society in New York, in 1834, and there encountered the first of my two hundred mobs. We had a great anti-Slavery debate at the Seminary and formed a society during that fall. Pro-Slavery Trustees required that we should dissolve it. We refused to do so. They then passed arbitrary rules in respect to discussion and even conversation on the subject of slavery at the Seminary. A goodly portion of us, who were not to be thus throttled, left. It was a heavy blow to the Seminary, which hardly regained its feet for the next six years. I was on the Committee that issued an address in vindication of our course. It produced a profound impression. In the

early spring of 1835. Mr. Birney and myself went east on an anti-Slavery Mission. We spoke at Philadelphia and New York. I then held meetings at Providence, R. I., Boston, Mass., and Concord, N. H., intending to return west and pursue my studies. On my return to New York I received a commission as general agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I immediately entered upon the the work which occupied so large a share of my active life.

I shall deal as summarily as possible with this subjet. When I entered upon my life-work, Slavery had the State and Church by the throat; and though the Abolitionists advocated peaceful measures for the emancipation of the bondmen, they were everywhere at the mercy of mobs. For the dozen years following the fall of 1834, I was in the field. I was several years in the Executive Committee and Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and as such, I addressed millions of men and women in every northern State, from Indiana to Maine, in Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware, and in England, Scotland, Ireland, and France. I appeared before ten Legislative Committees, and addressed the first committee of that kind in the country—that of the Senate and House of Massachusetts, in February, 1837, in support of John Quincy Adams' course in Congress. The Hon. S. G. Goodrich—better known as Peter Parley—was a member of that Committee. I spoke for two days in the Hall of the Representatives in Boston, and at the close, joint resolutions were passed by the Legislature in favor of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and John Quincy Adams' course in Congress was approved. Three hundred thousand copies of my speech on that occasion were distributed.

I subsequently addressed Committees of the Massachusetts Legislature against the annexation of Texas, eliciting reports in accord with my arguments.

MOBS.

Vice-President Wilson, in the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," is my authority for saying that I was mobbed at least 200 times. In 1835, I went into the town of East Greenwich, R. I., and was the guest of Judge Brown, a gentleman of high standing. My anti-Slavery meeting was advertised. A constable arrived at Judge Brown's, and I was served with a warrant warning me out of town as a vagrant without visible means of support, and therefore liable to become a town charge. Judge Brown gave bail for me, and I held the meeting, and invited the constable to hear me. In those days it was the practice to get signatures to the anti-Slavery roll.

The first name signed was that of the constable who had served the warrant. I viewed the capture of that constable as a great achievement.

We resorted to odd expedients to get in anti-Slavery speeches. The temperance cause was popular. In 1835, in Rhode Island, I agreed to address an audience an hour and a half on Temperance, if they would then let me speak an hour and a half on Slavery. On the next Sabbath the compact was faithfully fulfilled on both sides in the presence of a large concourse.

MOB IN PROVIDENCE.

In 1836, I was outrageously treated while attempting to speak to a meeting in a Methodist Church at Providence. The mills of the gods ground slowly, but they did not stop. I addressed an immense Fremont out-door meeting at Providence in 1856. In respect to Slavery I dealt with it far more severely than in 1836. There were plenty of Governors on the platform, and Bishop Clark, of that diocese, was at my right hand. A man on the platform, bedecked with orders, was Chief Marshal. His enthusiasm in repeatedly calling for cheers bothered me while speaking. After I had finished, I asked who that chief Marshal was, and my friend, laughing, said: "Don't you remember that, in 1836, when you were delivering an anti-Slavery address in the Methodist Church here, a howling mob kept rushing up the aisles, shaking their fists at you and yelling, and they finally broke up the meeting? Well, he was the leader of that mob, and now he is making amends."

CHURCH BURNING.

The respectable scoundrels who encouraged these crimes against society had no regard for the kind of edifices their vulgar tools assailed. I delivered one evening an address in a beautiful little church in Livingston Co., N. Y. I cannot now recall the name of the town where I spoke. The next morning the church was a heap of ashes. Pro-Slavery incendiaries had set it on fire during the night.

MOB IN PORTLAND.

In Portland, in 1838, an anti-Slavery meeting sat for four days in the old Quaker meeting-house. Samuel Fessenden, a leading member of the Bar of Maine, interceded, but not all his influence could deter the mob. The meeting-house was utterly riddled. At length the best men of the city said, "This won't do."

The poet John Neal organized about 200 special constables, and leading them himself, put the mob down. Years afterward, meeting Gen. Fessenden's son, Senator William Pitt Fessenden, in Washington City, I eulogized his father's behavior in 1838. He asked, "Do you recollect that on one of those evenings a young man took your arm as you walked out of the meeting to go through the outside mob and said, "I will accompany you to your lodgings and share the peril with you? I am that person."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

I went to Washington in 1838 to look after the imperilled right of petition. John Quincy Adams who was fighting our battle in Congress, received me with marked courtesy, partly, perhaps, because I had defended him so warmly in my speech before the Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature. I saw him on a field day in the House. He coolly presented his pile of anti-Slavery petitions one by one, and scurried the Southern members who interrupted him. Mr. Polk, the speaker, was annoyed, but could not help himself. Indeed, he was evidently afraid of Mr. Adams, the old man eloquent! In youth he had exhibited the wisdom of age; in age he was displaying the vigor of youth.

A word about speakers of the House. I have seen nine in the Chair. As presiding officers I think Mr. Banks was the best, and Mr. Pennington the worst.

COL. DICK JOHNSON.

I spent a few hours in the Senate. The lions were there; Clay Webster, Calhoun, Wright and Benton. I had previously heard Mr. Clay on a platform in New York, Mr. Webster before a jury in Boston, and Mr. Wright in the New York Senate. I now listened to a five minute speech each from Mr. Benton and Mr. Calhoun, and had to be therewith content. Vice President Richard M. Johnson was in the chair. He was shabbily dressed, and to the last degree clumsy. What a contrast between him and Martin Van Buren, his urbane, elegant predecessor. Col. Johnson owed his promotion largely to two acts, neither of which he performed. He was as guiltless of the killing of Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, in the war of 1812, as was William Tecumseh Sherman, and he did not write a line of the famous Sunday mail report.

FORESHADOWING.

In 1838 I made a speech before the American Anti-Slavery So-

ciety wherein I predicted that slavery would ultimately fall by means of an amendment of the Constitution, and that this would result from the preponderance of free states in the West. My prediction came to pass. The speech is on record.

CALEB CUSHING.

In 1838 the abolitionists began to put test questions to candidates for Congress, and then cast their votes for or against them as their answers were satisfactory or otherwise. Caleb Cushing was one of those who replied unsatisfactorily. We held a convention at Salem, Mass., to take measures to defeat him. I handled Mr. Cushing rather severely in a speech in a church in the evening. I was not then aware that he was a listener wrapped in a cloak in a dark corner of the gallery. A friend of Cushing's visited him early the next morning at his hotel and told him he must instantly write another letter to appease the abolition convention, which was about to adjourn, or he would be ruined at the polls. His night robe was very thin, and the chair was very cold. But the epistle was penned, and the writer was re-elected. Caleb Cushing was a man of extraordinary talents, but an unscrupulous politician. The exposure of his duplicity in regard to Secession finally brought him to grief when he was nominated for Chief Justice.

GETTYSBURGH.

Wishing to enlarge its lecturing corps, the Anti-Slavery Society deputed me in 1839, to go through the country and employ seventy public speakers. I travelled far on this errand, paying special attention to colleges, theological schools, and young lawyers. I visited Gettysburgh on my tour. I was at the Lutheran Theological Institution on Seminary Ridge, which loomed high above the the village on the west. The view was beautiful. It swept over Cemetery Ridge and the Round Top, lying easterly of the town. The intervening fields smiled with fruit trees and waving grain. Little dreamed I then that twenty-four years later these landmarks would win world-wide celebrity by listening to the roar of one of the bloodiest battles of modern times, waged to defend and destroy the objects I was there to promote.

NEWSPAPERS.

From 1833 onward, I wrote much for the anti-Slavery press, and a little for such religious and political newspapers as would give us a hearing,

In 1839, I contributed a series of articles to the *New York American*, conducted by Charles King, subsequently President of Columbia College. The title of the series was, "Glances at Men and Things." The signature was "Rambler." The topics were miscellaneous. Some of the numbers were widely copied. The author was not then identified.

LONDON CONVENTION.

In June, 1840, I attended a Convention in London, called to promote the abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade throughout the world. Thomas Clarkson, the abolition patriarch, was President, James G. Birney was one of the Vice-Presidents, and I was honored with a seat among the Secretaries. Many nations were represented. I will name a few of the most distinguished who took part in the proceedings, viz: The Duke of Sussex, uncle to the Queen; Lord Brougham; Lord Morpeth, then Chief Secretary of Ireland; Daniel O'Connell; Guizot, the French Minister at the Court of St. James; Dr. Lushington; Dr. Bowring; Thomas Campbell, the poet; Samuel Gurney, the great Quaker banker; Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and many other Parliamentary leaders; Rev. John Angell James, and a long list of clergymen of various denominations; and two young men then little known, John Bright and William E. Forster. The cause of abolition wore gold slippers in England. The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes; Lady Byron, widow of the poet, and several female celebrities smiled upon the convention. The proceedings were reported in a volume of 600 pages. B. B. Haydon, the famous artist, executed a large painting of the prominent members of the Convention, which now hangs in the National Gallery. While at work on this picture he told me many racy anecdotes of his times. Poor Haydon! He had the infirmities of genius. He died by his own hand in 1848.

MEETINGS IN EUROPE.

I was abroad till December, 1840. I delivered thirty or forty speeches in Great Britain and Ireland, and attended two conferences in France. I had come from the land of mobs, where the press, with few exceptions, delighted to misrepresent abolitionists. It seemed a pleasant change to find myself introduced to audiences by members of Parliament, Fellows of the Universities, Lord Mayors of cities, a Peer of the realm, a Bishop of the establishment, and the manager of the *Edinburgh Review*, and then to see my speeches fully and fairly reported in the newspapers. I took courage, and

dared to say in the words of Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn-law Rhymer, whom I met in Sheffield:

"There's a good time coming.
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But Earth will glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming;
Wait a little longer."

I lived to see the day.

PUBLICATIONS.

While in Europe I wrote letters to the *New York American*, describing my tour under the caption of "Foreign Rambles," signed "Rambler." Toward the close a few bore the signature of "Manhattan." They extended from July, 1840, to February, 1841. Portions of them were widely copied. In the winter of 1848-9 I published a long series of numbers in the *National Era* of Washington, a Free-Soil paper, edited by Dr. Bailey, an accomplished scholar, whose press had been thrown years before, into the river at Cincinnati. They were entitled, "Sketches of Reforms and Reformers in Great Britain and Ireland." After thorough revision they were issued in 1849, in a volume of 400 pages, bearing the same title, in New York and London, by John Wiley. Portions were translated and printed in Paris. At a later date a second edition was issued by Charles Scribner.

MOB IN NORWICH.

On my return from Europe I completed my law studies, and, in 1842, went into practice at Boston. But I still performed much work in the anti-slavery cause, both on the platform and in the press.

In 1845 I went to Norwich to deliver an anti-slavery address in the Town Hall. The Hall was stoned, and all the windows smashed and we adjourned until evening. In the intermission three-inch planks were spiked on the inside of the window near which I had to stand, to shield me from the missiles of the mob. And this in my native county! In that same Town Hall, I addressed a crowded meeting in the Fremont canvass—a meeting presided over by Mr. Buckingham, subsequently Governor—and I was introduced to the audience by Gov. Cleveland. I remembered the mob and freed my mind for two hours. A throng came over from Griswold and Preston, and I received enthusiastic plaudits instead of whizzing brick-bats.

THE BARNBURNER REVOLT OF 1847.

I removed from Boston to Seneca Falls, N. Y., in the fall of 1847. I was a spectator at the Democratic State Convention of that year, held in Syracuse. The Convention tore itself asunder in a desperate struggle over the renomination of Azariah C. Flagg as Comptroller, the defeat of Martin Van Buren at the Baltimore Convention of 1844, the assassination of Silas Wright at the polls in 1846, and the attempt to incorporate the Wilmot Proviso into the platform of the party. The great chiefs of both factions were on the ground, and never was there a more fierce, bitter and relentless conflict between the Narragansetts and the Pequods, than this memorable contest between the Barnburners and the Hunkers. Mr. Wright was the idol of the Barnburners. He had died that summer. James S. Wadsworth voiced the sentiments of his followers. In the convention some one spoke of doing justice to Silas Wright. A Hunker responded, "It is too late; he is dead." Springing upon a table, Wadsworth made the hall ring as he uttered the defiant reply: "Though it may be too late to do justice to Silas Wright, it is not too late to do justice to his assassins." The Hunkers laid the Wilmot Proviso on the table, but the Barnburners punished them at the election.

The Barnburners were the Girondists of the Democracy. Listen to a sample of names of those who did not unite with the Republican party. Martin Van Buren, Churchill C. Cambrelling, Michael Hoffman, Dean Richmond, John Van Buren, Samuel J. Tilden, Nicholas Hill, and Sanford E. Church. Here followed the names of a few who ultimately joined the Republicans. David Dudley Field, John A. Dix, William Cullen Bryant, Preston King, James S. Wadsworth, John Bigelow, Reuben E. Fenton, and Charles J. Folger.

A slight acquaintance with the politics of New York suffices to show that these were men of mark.

DEATH OF MR. ADAMS.

I went to Washington in February, 1848, to attend to business in the Supreme Court. I heard Mr. Clay argue a case. For two hours his sonorous voice pealed through the corridors, and delighted a great throng. Mrs. James Madison sat by his side. The venerable lady was as proud of the orator as she was 36 years before when he championed the administration of her eminent husband in Congress during the war with England.

In the chilly morning of February 21st, I met Mr. Adams by the fireplace in the rear of the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives. He had walked, as was his wont, to the Capitol. As he shook my hand he trembled with cold. He took his usual seat. Some fulsome resolutions enlogizing Gen. Taylor, who was looming as a possible Presidential candidate, were the first business. They created an uproar. Forty members were shouting to the Speaker. Mr. Winthrop was vigorously plying his gavel. My eye fell upon Mr. Adams. His hand was nervously creeping up his desk as if he were trying to rise. I thought he was about to take part in the din that filled the Hall. But instantly I saw the pallor of death on his cheek. His hand dropped by his side, and he slowly inclined over the arm of his chair. I spoke to a member, "Look to Mr. Adams, he is falling in his chair." He rushed toward him. A call for help arrested the attention of the House. It became silent as the grave. The aged patriot was borne to the Speaker's room, never to leave it alive. Sage of Quincy! He had fought a good fight for the liberty of the Press, Freedom of Speech and the Right of Petition. He fell in the plenitude of his fame, on the theater of his grandest achievements, with the roar of battle sounding in his valiant ear.

THE BUFFALO CONVENTION.

The nomination of Gen. Cass for the Presidency by the Democrats, and Gen. Taylor, by the Whigs, in 1848, led to the Buffalo Convention. The Barnburners had opposed Cass in vain at the Baltimore Convention. They had made the Monumental City lurid with their wrath, frightening the delegates from the back States almost out of their wits. They adjourned the conflict to the Queen City of the Lakes. I was at Buffalo, and was one of the Committee that drafted its Free Soil Platform. It was a motley assembly. Inspired by loves and by hates, it was a curious mixture of incongruous elements. Old pro-slavery Democrats were there to avenge the wrongs of Martin Van Buren. Free-soil Democrats were there to punish the assassins of Silas Wright. Pro slavery Whigs were there to strike down Gen. Taylor because he had dethroned their idol, Henry Clay, in the Philadelphia Convention. Anti-Slavery Whigs were there, breathing the spirit of John Quincy Adams. Abolitionists of all shades of opinion were present, from the darkest type to those of a milder hue who shared the views of Salmon P. Chase. An immense tent was raised on the Court House Square for the accommodation of the Convention, where the crowds were

regaled with speeches and music. Its real business was conducted by delegates locked in a church close at hand. There was a rooted prejudice against Mr. Van Buren among the Whigs and Abolitionists. But the adroit eloquence of his former law partner, Benjamin F. Butler, of Albany, and an admirable Free-Soil letter from the Sage of Lindenwald himself, carried him through, and he was nominated for President, with Charles Francis Adams for Vice President. The Democratic revolt in New York gave its 36 electoral votes to Taylor and Fillmore, which was exactly their majority in the Union. The breach in the New York Democracy has never been completely healed.

IN THE NEW YORK SENATE.

I was elected to the State Senate and took my seat in 1850. I was there during the agitation over the compromise measures growing out of the Mexican war. A great variety of resolutions were introduced in the Legislature on those questions. While this subject was before the Senate, I drew a very radical resolution by way of amendment to a series then pending. It elicited warm debate, and was put to test on a call of the yeas and nays. It was adopted. Every Whig and every Democrat who voted for this amendment subsequently became a member of the Republican party.

THE CANAL BILL.

The Whigs in the Legislature at the session of 1851, introduced an unprecedented bill, which appropriated many millions of money for the alleged purpose of enlarging the canals. The Barnburners deemed it unconstitutional, as did Democrats generally. The bill had passed the Assembly, where the Whigs had a large majority. To prevent the presence of the three-fifths quorum necessary to carry it in the Senate, it was thought best that twelve Senators should resort to the desperate expedient of resigning their offices. The consequence was that the bill fell in the Senate.

And now came the tug of war. Elections were ordered on short notice to fill the twelve vacancies, and an extra session of the Legislature was called for June. The tide ran against the resigning Senators, all of whom stood for re-election. Six, whose districts were far away from the canals, were successful. The other six who lived in canal districts, were overwhelmed, with one exception. There were three canals, stretching forty-two miles in the three counties of my district. There were twelve stump speakers in the field against me, marshalled by Gerrit Smith. At the close of the fight

I was re-elected by five majority. The bill was passed at the extra session. I opposed it step by step. The Judiciary vindicated the soundness of the doctrines of the resigning Senators. The Court of Appeals adjudged the law to be unconstitutional, null and void.

MEMBERS AND MEASURES IN THE SENATE.

During my membership the Presidents of the Senate were Lieutenant Governors Patterson and Church. In the front rank of my colleagues stood Edwin D. Morgan, afterward Governor and U. S. Senator; James M. Cook, subsequently Comptroller and Bank Superintendent; Thomas B. Carrol who became a Canal Appraiser; George Geddes, the accomplished Civil Engineer; William A. Dart, U. S. District Attorney and Consul General to Canada; George R. Babcock, Charles A. Mann, Clarkson Crolius, James W. Beckman, and Dr. Brandreth of medical fame.

Among the many important measures adopted were the general rail road law, the general school law, and a complete revision of the then very defective code of procedure. One of our stormiest conflicts was on the choice of a Senator in Congress to succeed Daniel S. Dickinson. After two trials, Hamilton Fish was elected and became the colleague of Mr. Seward. I was not a candidate for renomination to the Senate. I could not afford to be a member.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The Pierce administration repealed the Missouri Compromise. This daring, this insane measure precipitated the doom of slavery. The Republican party was the legitimate outcome. I helped to organize it in the State of New York at Syracuse in 1855. I was a member of the National Convention at Philadelphia in 1856, which nominated Fremont and Dayton. I delivered numerous addresses in both those exciting campaigns.

The feeble cause I had espoused at Cincinnati in 1832, now rested on the broad shoulders of a strong party, which was marching on to victory.

AN EXPLANATION.

If I were writing a history of the Anti-Slavery cause, I should speak particularly of the invaluable services of associates in the great struggle, many of whom encountered persecution, while some suffered the pains of death. But I am merely recalling a few per-

sonal experiences in the conflict, and to make room for more important matter shall omit any special reference to my own labors for emancipation from the time of the formation of the Republican party down to the adoption of the 15th Amendment of the Constitution.

EUROPEAN RAMBLES.

Before sailing for Europe I was united in marriage, on May first, 1840, with Elizabeth Cady, of Johnstown, daughter of Daniel Cady, then one of the leaders of the New York Bar.

In the letters to the *N. Y. American* I omitted many things worthy of notice, and I will now pick up a few dropped threads. The letters show that I did not attend solely to Anti-Slavery matters, but for six months was a tourist, and travelled the beaten track.

APPROACHES TO LONDON.

On June 3rd, 1840, we first approached London from the west, striking the Thames at Reading. To see old Father Thames had been my day dream in life's morning march when my bosom was young. And here it dazzled my eyes! As we neared the metropolis we discovered a lofty object that floated on a sea of dingy smoke. It was the dome of St. Paul's, lifting its gilded cross high above the dark canopy that hovers over London so much of the year.

On returning from the continent a few weeks afterwards we had a night ride on a coach from Dover to London. We reached Shooter's Hill just as the orb of day was breaking through a bank of clouds. The basin wherein the great metropolis reposes seemed a vast lake whose bosom was rippled by the wind. The dome of the cathedral loomed above the surface and glistened in the morning sunbeams, while Highgate stood sentry over the scene on the north. The illusion was perfect.

By-the-by, in November we saw one of London's dark days—a perfect specimen of its kind, I was told. It was among the most unique spectacles we witnessed in all Europe.

BROUGHAM, MELBOURNE, MACAULAY AND RUSSELL.

A debate on the famous Scotch Presbyterian question (then in a critical condition) was to occur in the House of Peers. I went to

the House in company with a Birmingham lawyer, and asked the doorkeeper for admission to the gallery. He said it was full. The offer of a silver crown did not reverse his decision. My Birmingham companion counselled a retreat. I took my card and addressed it to Lord Brougham, writing thereon that I was a Secretary of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention from New York, and would be happy if he would admit me and a friend to the gallery to hear the pending debate. The lawyer and the doorkeeper were astounded at my audacity. "I think I know my man," was my response. The card was taken in, and in a minute the flunkey returned, bowing nearly to the floor. We were ushered into the space allotted to the Commons when summoned to the bar of the Peers. We were the sole occupants. Lordly eyes were turned upon us, and a buzzing bevy of Peeresses from behind a curtain eraned their necks, wondering probably who on earth we were. Earl Dalhousie, an Elder in the Scotch church, was closing a speech. Brougham arose. For twenty minutes the lawyer, statesman and orator whose name and fame were the property of mankind, rolled off sonorous periods on the subject under debate. He then crossed the chamber in front of where we were sitting, and made a bow, as much as to say, "What do you think of that?" He was perhaps the vainest man in England. The premier, Lord Melbourne, delivered the last speech. He was imposing in personal appearance, elegantly dressed, and had the fatherly aspect which fitted him to act as a sort of guardian to the youthful Queen. But what an orator! As a specimen of elocution his speech was clumsy and slip-shod in the extreme. He hemmed and hawed for fifteen minnutes, and the House then adjourned.

At a later day I entered the gallery of the Commons to hear a discussion concerning Canada, just then in the throes of an incipient rebellion. I was scarcely seated when from under the gallery there poured a stream of words, pitched in a monotonous key, sparkling with metaphors. The House had been rather thin, when instantly the doors began to slam, tidings having passed out that Macaulay was up. His address reminded me of his essays in the *Edinburgh Review*. Lord John Russell, Colonial Secretary and Whig leader in the Commons, closed the debate. He was a better orator than Melbourne, but our House of Representatives would have listened to him impatiently. However, I got used to poor public speaking before I left England. As orators they are far behind America.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

I entered the great Hall of William Rufus in Westminster, whose old oaken arches had witnessed the crowning of many Kings, the trial of Charles I., the expulsion of the Rump Parliament by Cromwell, and the bursts of eloquence of Burke and Sheridan on the arraignment of Warren Hastings for high crimes and misdemeanors, and I was spell-bound as I paced its stone floor, worn by the footsteps of centuries.

I visited the apartments where the Courts were in session. There sat Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Chief Justice Denman, of the Queen's Bench, Lord Abinger, of the Exchequer, better known to the Bar in America as Sir James Scarlett. Of course, I was deeply interested in witnessing the proceedings of tribunals that gave law to so large a part of Christendom, and whose decisions are daily cited in the Courts of the United States.

LANDMARKS.

I shall run through the country at random, merely pointing to a few landmarks, which stand as blazed trees along the track where history has hewed its path.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

One of the attractive places I visited in France was Rouen, the capitol of Normandy. It was from this renowned spot that William went forth in 1066, to conquer England. Rouen is beautifully situated on the Seine. It was there that I first saw the river so famous in the annals of Europe. After his stormy life was ended the Conqueror was buried here. A century later the ashes of Richard Conner de Leon were deposited under its cathedral. In 1431, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was burnt at Rouen. I visited, as thousands do annually, the statue erected to her memory.

On my return to England I went down to Hastings to see the harbor and the pier where William anchored the 700 vessels, and landed the 60,000 men for the great conquest. Six miles inland is the field where the grim invader in October, 1066, fought the battle that placed the kingdom of Alfred the Saxon under the heel of William the Norman. Poor Harold, the English monarch, pierced in the eye by an arrow, lost his crown and his life in the struggle. Here the Conqueror, "of pious memory," erected Battle Abbey as a memorial of the victory that gave England the Fendal system and the Domesday Book. The abbey is a frowning edifice, partially in ruins, a crumbling landmark of British history.

RUNNYMEDE.

On the south bank of the Thanes, a few miles from London, I saw a beautiful meadow. At the west I caught sight of the towers of Windsor Castle, while my eyes scanned the dense smoke that canopied the metropolis on the east. In 1215, there transpired on this little meadow one of the most important events in the history of England. Gloomy King John came over from Windsor to Runnymede to confer with his rebellious barons. On the 19th of June, at their dictation, he affixed the royal seal (perhaps he could not write his name) to *Magna Charta*.

Thousands of Englishmen daily sail up and down the Thames past this sedgey spot without being aware that their Declaration of Independence was issued here 600 years ago. There is nothing strange in this. Crowds of Americans daily beat their surges against a little brick edifice in Philadelphia without remembering that within its walls on July 4th, 1776, a few feeble colonies issued the immortal document that hurled defiance (to quote Webster) at a power whose morning drum-beat, starting with the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircled the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

RICHARD III. AND HENRY VII.

The wars of the Roses changed the line of descent of the English crown from the Plantagenets to the Tudors. In 1485, the White Rose of York was blasted by the Red Rose of Lancaster on Bosworth Field. I had seen the battle fought so often on the stage that, after viewing the old school house at Leicester wherein Dr. Sam. Johnson was once usher, I rode a little way out of town to the plain where crook-backed Richard was slain and the coronet placed on the brow of Henry VII. by Lord Stanley. The guide was loquacious as became his calling. I swallowed his stories without a grimace till he told me my feet at that moment rested on the very sod where Richard cried aloud, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" Then I was tempted to bolt the track, because no historian informs us that, "White Surrey" had been killed or had fled; and while that renowned steed lived what need had Richard of another horse?

However, I early learned to accept such tales as true, and get as much enjoyment out of the delusion as possible. When, for example, they exhibited the block in the Tower of London whereon Lady Jane Gray is said to have been beheaded, I admitted that some

sharp instrument had made a cleft in it. They pointed me to the school room at Huntingdon where Cromwell learned his A. B. Cs, and to the identical wooden desk at which he sat. I conceded that the latter had been thoroughly whittled, and the only wonder was that it had stood the jack-knives so well for 250 years. When gazing at certain suspicious looking scratches on the window-sill of Whitehall, and on being assured that these were the prints of the spikes that helped to hold up the scaffold whereon Charles I. was put to death in 1649, I did not for a moment dispute that that unfortunate monarch lost his head in that vicinity about that time. So when in the Highlands of Scotland an ancient dame charged only half a crown for letting me handle Rob Roy's alleged musket, I drew an approving smile from the old crone by the remark that the barrel was uncommonly long and the lock very rusty.

Is not this the best way to deal with this kind of so-called information? Tourists must not be too critical.

CROMWELL.

Oliver Cromwell prepared the way for the expulsion of the Stuarts. I walked through the brick house and over the fair fields where the Puritan spent his youth. The mansion resembled a large Pennsylvania farm house of the higher class. Here, in mature years, he trained his Ironsides who marched to the tune of Old Hundred, but in many an encounter met undismayed the legions of the Court and hierarchy, oft sweeping them like chaff before the wind. His well planned battle at Naseby ruined Charles. I traversed the hillock over which the lion-hearted general, sword in hand, led the decisive charge. When he became Protector of the Commonwealth he took up the despised name of Kingless England and bore it aloft on the eagle wings of a far-sighted policy and made it respected and feared at every Court in Europe. He was a great soldier and a greater ruler, and stood among the foremost men of his time.

LORD JEFFREYS AND THE BLOODY ASSIZES.

I skirted the fatal field of Sedgemoor in Wiltshire where the unfortunate followers of Monmouth sought to dethrone James II., before his hour had fully come. I sat in the old Court House at Taunton, where the monster Jeffreys held the bloody assizes which condemned to death 326 men, women and boys for participating in this uprising, and sent 841 victims into perpetual slavery.

The vials of retribution were poured upon the head of this infamous Judge when his master fell. He cowered in a taproom at Greenwich, disguised as a porter, and on discovery begged to be lodged in the Tower as a protection from the populace who threatened to tear him limb from limb. There he howled like a maniac, as if haunted by the ghosts of those whom he condemned to the gallows and the galleys at Taunton.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Torbay is one of the most beautiful ocean inlets my eyes ever beheld. It lies in the lap of luxuriant Devonshire. I saw it in the high noon of summer exuberance. In this bay, on the 5th of November, 1688, William, the stadholder of Holland, anchored the great fleet and landed the grand army he brought over to drive James from the British throne. The credulous King was slow to believe that his nephew had been invited to invade England by eminent leaders of public opinion. It was an easier conquest than that of the other William who landed at Hastings 622 years before. James fled to France. In July, 1690, he made a last feeble rally for his throne at the battle of the Boyne. In early youth, I read a pictorial history of England. Among its illustrations was a vivid sketch of William crossing the Boyne and shouting to his soldiers, "To glory! My lads, to glory!" Of course I saw the Boyne and sat down on the northern bank where William was wounded, and fancied I saw the cowardly James fleeing over the hills on the opposite side, the first one to run away. William III. was the greatest monarch who ever sat on the British throne.

SCOTLAND.

We must give England a rest and repair to Scotland. I went the grand rounds of the Lowlands and the Highlands, and sketched outlines of my tour in letters to the *N. Y. American*. Repetitions will be avoided.

DR. CHALMERS.

Our large Anti-Slavery Meeting in the Scotch capital was presided over by the manager of the *Edinburgh Review*. I listened to a sermon by Dr. Thomas Chalmers, then in the fullness of his prime, and the leader in the movement that ultimated in the disruption of the church of John Knox. His discourse was a chain of close reasoning, glittering with imagery and glowing with fervor. Its drawback to me was the strong Scotch accent of the orator. His

delivery lacked the mellow cadence of Dr. Wardlaw of Glasgow who, to Dr. Chalmers, was as Apollos to Paul.

MACBETH.

While stopping at Perth I took a chaise and went out to Birnam wood, and from thence a dozen miles to the hill of Dunsinnan. I cut two memorial canes at Birnam and took them over to Dunsinnan, and could then affirm that Birnam wood had come to Dunsinnan. The little grove at Birnam rustled in the breeze of a crisp but bright autumn day. The hill of Dunsinnan showed the ruins of the rough ramparts said to have been built by Macbeth in the year 1056. Why dispute the story told by Shakespeare? Does it not shed a brilliant light on a dark period in the annals of Scotland? Who would give up King Duncan and Lady Macbeth and the blood-stained daggers and the witches around the cauldron on the heath and the ghost of Banquo at the royal banquet, to please all the historians that Scotland ever saw?

Let us roll up the curtain and stand by the bard of Avon, and Hollinshed?

BANNOCKBURN.

I walked from Sterling to Bannockburn, for here was an undisputed landmark in the romantic annals of Scotland. Bruce encountered Edward II. of England in the summer of 1314, and routed him. On this well preserved grassy meadow stood the rock where Bruce set up his standard, and there lay the marsh in which Edward's soldiers were mired. Burns has set the battle to music. When I was there a minstrel sung the familiar ballad,

"Scots who ha' with Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led,"

accompanying his melodious voice with a harp. The intervening centuries melt away before the imagination in such scenes.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

Charles Edward made a gallant stand at Preston Pans in 1745, just below Edinburgh, for the crown of his grandfather. His Scotch claymores "hewed deep their gory way" into the ranks of the English, and they fled. But the tide turned against the young prince the next year. On a bleak ridge near Inverness he fought the fatal battle of Culloden in April, 1746. In spite of his winning manners and indomitable courage, his cause was ruined. Having again and again declaimed at school Campbell's "Lochiel! Lochiel!" be-

ware of the day," I saw Culloden, and almost wished that the chivalrous Charles Edward had fared better.

At Playford Hall, the residence of Thomas Clarkson, the conversation turned upon the Stuarts. "The four Stuarts," said the companion of Granville Sharpe and William Wilberforce, "were a bad lot." Then, as if in parenthesis, he added, "And so were the four Georges." Time will never reverse this verdict.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

When in London Mr. O'Connell invited me to Dublin, and laughingly said he would induct me into the mysteries of his agitation for the repeal of the union between England and Ireland. His son John, then in the Commons, presided at our Anti-Slavery assembly in Dublin. The father gave me a special ticket to a Repeal meeting. He delivered an elaborate address of two hours' length intended, as he said, to inform me of the ends he had in view.

Mr. O'Connell was foremost among the eloquent public speakers of his era. John Randolph said he was the greatest orator he heard in Europe. He won the title of "Liberator of Ireland." In the address I have referred to he said that no political reform was worth the shedding of one drop of human blood. His repeal agitation brought him to prison, and came to naught. Though something of a demagogue, he was the friend of man irrespective of clime, color, creed or condition. Wherever humanity sank under the blow of the tyrant, there were found the genial heart and clarion voice of Daniel O'Connell sympathizing with the fallen and rebuking the oppressor.

Ireland is supposed to desire national independence. Within the last half century it has tried Daniel O'Connell and agitation, Smith O'Brien and bloodshed, Charles Parnell and threatening, O'Donovan Rossa and dynamite, but the union with England is still unrepealed.

OLD SARUM.

This once celebrated rotten borough was the laughing stock of the Whigs in the day of the first reform bill of 1832. I visited its site, getting glimpses of Salisbury Plain, a locality which had nestled in my memory since I read the religious tract entitled, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." I could scarcely believe my eyes as I looked upon Old Sarum. For centuries previous to the Reform Bill it had sent two members to parliament, though not a soul had lived there since the Tudors mounted the throne. It was a mere sand hill

without showing even the ruins of a dwelling, though once it had a small population. Yet this waste, down to 1832, had as large a representation in the Commons as Lancashire with its million and a half of people. The voting at elections used to be done by the owner of old Sarum, who sent himself and a favorite, or two of the latter stripe, to parliament.

THE CHARTISTS.

Though the Reform Bill of 1832 abolished absurdities like Old Sarum, it left the representation in the House of Commons in a very unsatisfactory state. This led to Chartism, a well-meaning but rather turbulent faction, whose five foundation principles were universal suffrage, voting by ballot, equal parliamentary districts, no property qualification for representatives, and the payment of salaries to members. This platform will seem familiar to the people of the United States, but the announcement of the Chartist Creed threw England into convulsions.

I happened to speak at a Chartist meeting. The organization was already drifting upon the shoals of violence. I warned them against disorder. But in a few years they destroyed themselves and their party by outbreak and bloodshed. In later times, and under the guidance of John Bright and his associates, the cause of Free Suffrage and Parliamentary Reform has recovered some of the ground which the Chartists proved incompetent to occupy.

I MUST HALT.

Other scenes rise before me, but I must stop. It would be pleasant to sketch a visit to Boston, where William Brewster, my Puritan ancestor, was long imprisoned for non-conformity; and to the gloomy goal at Bedford where John Bunyan wrote the Pilgrim's Progress; but there is no space for them. Nor is there for descriptions of other famous places I saw, as for example, Flodden Field, immortalized by Scott in Marmion; and the site of the Rye House whose plot sent Algernon Sydney and William Russell, to the scaffold; and Moor Park, where William III. was wont to consult Temple, and where Swift captivated and ruined "Stella;" and Blenheim Castle, whose stately halls saw tears of dotage flow from Marlborough's eyes; and Daylesford, rebuilt by Warren Hastings, and to which he retreated when pursued by Burke, Fox and Sheridan in the great impeachment trial; and also other similar landmarks.

I cannot even allude to the many famous spots I visited on the continent, though I will except two. It was in a Napoleonic year

that I saw France. In Paris, under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, they were preparing a magnificent mausoleum for the great Emperor, whose remains were to be received from St. Helena in the autumn. The old soldiers on the banks of the Seine, who had fought under the little corporal in many battles, were aglow with enthusiasm at the approach of the pageant. I stopped in July in the public square of Boulogne, and noted its points of interest. Two weeks later the young Pretender, known afterward as Napoleon III, dashed into the square with fifty armed followers, posted a proclamation on the walls and called upon the people to rise and drive Louis Phillippe from France. The wild adventurer was sentenced to the citadel of Ham for life, but he contrived to escape from his grim prison in May, 1846. Other historic mile-stones dwelt in my memory and furnished the keys whereby I subsequently interpreted the downfall of Louis Phillippe in 1848, and the extinguishment of the Napoleonic dynasty in the Franco-German war of 1870.

LAW—COURTS—CASES.

I will refer to two or three law cases wherein I was engaged, which involved novel points.

In 1844-5 William Wilbar kept a large wholesale and retail liquor store in Taunton, Mass. Benjamin Williams printed a lively temperance newspaper in that town. Under the similitude of "A Dream" he published a scathing article about Wilbar's store. The Dream painted the establishment in the most appalling colors. The devil, fire and brimstone, liquid death and distilled damnation figured conspicuously in the lurid sketch. Wilbar sued Williams for libel, laying his damages at several thousand dollars. Williams retained me as his counsel. *The Plaintiff was selling liquor without a license.* I set up in defence that the publication was an allegory and not to be construed literally, and that so far as it confined its pictorials to Wilbar's business of liquor selling he could not recover because, as he had no license, he was himself violating the law, and *therefore had no standing in Court.* The case was tried in the Supreme Court before Judge Hubbard and a jury. After a close contest of three or four days, the Court ruled with me on the law, and my client got a verdict. The case was reported, and several thousand copies of the trial were sold.

The next year I appeared for the defendant in a criminal prosecution for a similar libel, based on a "Dream," at New London, Conn. It bristled with difficult points, but I got a verdict for Mr. Cooley, my client. The case was briefly reported by him.

It is worthy of remark that I could find no reported case in this country or England that covered the precise ground in the controversy at Taunton and New London.

RUFUS CHOATE AND ANOTHER CASE.

George Daniels, a slippery shoe manufacturer, had for a year or more been in the habit of making notes payable to the order of Alfred Daniels, his wealthy brother, and then forging Alfred's name on the back of the notes, and passing them among shoe and leather dealers in Boston. George absconded, leaving notes to the amount of some \$20,000, unpaid in the hands of his victims. I brought suit against Alfred Daniels in a single action on all these notes, simply declaring against him as endorser in the usual form. Rufus Choate was counsel with me from the start. The defence was conducted by Charles G. Loring and Benjamin R. Curtis. The latter was subsequently appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. We tried our case before Justice Wilde and a jury at Boston. We proved that from time to time some of the notes in the suit and others just like them had been presented to Alfred Daniels and he was asked if they were "all right," and that his replies in substance were either evasive or that the notes would probably be looked after when they became due. We took the ground that if Alfred Daniels' name was forged, and he knew it, and our clients did not, Alfred should then and there have exposed the forgery, and that from his failure to do this the jury might infer that Alfred had made George his agent for passing such notes. We could find no ease in the books like the one at bar. But Judge Wilde ruled for us in the main. It had devolved on me to put in the testimony during the contest of four days. Mr. Choate argued the case to the jury with his usual power and splendor. The jury gave the plaintiffs a verdict.

RUFUS CHOATE AND THE BOSTON BENCH AND BAR.

At the time of which I am speaking the Bench and Bar at Boston were exceptionally distinguished. Joseph Story was in the zenith of his fame; Judge Sprague of the U. S. District Court, who won a high reputation as Senator in Congress, was his worthy associate. Chief Justice Shaw of the State Supreme Court was one of the ablest lawyers in New England. The leader of the Bar was of course Mr. Webster. But viewed in some lights, the most brilliant figure was Rufus Choate. He was appreciated by the four great

men just mentioned, and was the admiration of his junior brethren of the profession, who were accustomed to pack the courts to witness his wonderful displays of logic, learning and eloquence. What spectator that beheld him on these occasions could ever forget that tall figure, that sallow complexion, that piercing dark eye, those black locks, which hung in *curls* over an expansive forehead, those dramatic gestures that gave point and emphasis to pungent sentences, that majestic tread, which shook the room till the windows shivered, that voice whose notes now swelled like a trumpet and anon sunk into a wail as if a gentle breeze were sighing in the tree-tops, and all this without the slightest affectation, and with a clearness of vision that saw the pinch of his ease, and a sincerity of manner which proved that victory, and victory only was the end he kept steadily in view. Mr. Choate argued a case in the Supreme Court at Washington. A distinguished Southern Senator heard him, and speaking to Mr. Webster the next day he said: "I listened to your Mr. Choate yesterday. He is an extraordinary man." "An extraordinary man?" replied Webster, "Sir, he is a marvel."

Like Edmund Burke, whom he studied and admired, Mr. Choate drove "a substantive and six." Judge Shaw was a man of few words. He looked like a rough fragment of the Fendal system. Short, thick, with a big head covered with coarse frowsly hair, which appeared never to have been combed, he had a habit of resting his elbows while in Court on the shelf before him, and holding up his chin by his hands, and glaring at counsel through spectacles trimmed with tortoise shell instead of silver or gold. A rather striking resemblance to a grizzly bear sitting on his haunches. But his head was clear as sunshine, and his rhetoric a model in style, though his growling voice made the short opinions he delivered on side issues during the trial of a cause seem like nectar gurgling from a tar barrel. The Old Chief, as he was familiarly called, had a gentle heart, and there was a soft place in it for Choate, of whom he was really proud, though apt to jerk him up with a short rein when too wordy. One afternoon I stepped into court when Choate was flashing his lightnings around the Chief Justice, who kept interrupting him. Walking with Mr. Choate to our lodgings an hour later, I remarked that the old chief was unusually restive and annoying during his argument. "Yes," said Choate, "he is an old barbarian!" Then taking a few long strides, he added in the slow, solemn style, so familiar to his friends, "but life, liberty and property are safe in his hands." He was arguing on another occasion a novel point of law before the full bench. He was on the crest of the wave. He

expressed his gratification at the opportunity of discussing this new question at the bar of a tribunal whose reputation for learning and integrity had long since overflowed the boundaries of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and reached the uttermost limits of the Union. The old Chief broke in: "Mr. Choate, do you present that as a serious argument to this Court?" "Oh, no, your honor," replied Choate in his humorous style, "it was only a rhetorical flourish." Then stooping down he said to his associate in a tone loud enough to be heard all around, "The Chief Justice is an urbane gentleman. It is a pity he don't know any law." But there is no end to tales of this sort about Mr. Choate, and I forbear.

It has been my fortune to hear many of the foremost lawyers in this country and in Great Britain. As an advocate before a jury, especially in a difficult case, I never saw the superior of Rufus Choate.

THE NEW YORK BENCH AND BAR.

I have always felt at home with the judges and lawyers of the State of New York, for it was with them that I first began to be acquainted nearly sixty years ago.

The old Supreme Court, the Court of Errors and the Court of Appeals, in the opinions pronounced by Kent, Spencer, Thompson, Nelson, Cowen, Sutherland, Bronson, Denio and their associates illuminated all branches of the law in a style worthy of the best efforts of Mansfield and Marshall. The decisions of the courts of New York have, from the first volume of Johnson downward, held superior rank in the judicial tribunals of the Union, and have been quoted with approbation at London, Paris and Berlin. In 1814, James Kent, the new Chancellor, took his seat in one of the small rooms of the capitol. Throwing its doors wide open, he caused the proceedings of the court to be regularly reported, and thus poured a flood of light along the track of equity jurisprudence in this country. It would be in vain to attempt to give the names of the great lawyers of New York who have aided the bench in erecting its judicial system on solid foundations. The bench, of course, has been selected from the bar. Besides this the profession in New York has furnished one Chief Justice and five Associate Justices in the Supreme Court of the United States, and five Attorney-Generals.

JARNDYCE VS. JARNDYCE.

After I removed from Boston to Seneca Falls, I became associated in the famous suit of the Burden Company against the Corning Com-

pany of Troy and Albany brought for an alleged violation of the patent of the former by the latter for the manufacture of hook-headed spikes used for fastening T rails to ties on railroad tracks. The case had been carried on appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington, which had given a decision in favor of the plaintiffs, and had issued the usual order to the Circuit Court in New York to enter final judgment for the plaintiffs, and then send it to a Master to take an account of the damages and fix the amount thereof. Lawyers will understand this line of proceedings.

EX-CHANCELLOR WALWORTH.

The case had been a long time reaching this point. Samuel Stevens was leading counsel for the plaintiffs, and Gov. Seward for the defendants. We tried in vain for a good while to agree upon some one to take the account. Judge Samuel Nelson of the Supreme Court finally referred the matter to Ex-Chancellor Walworth. And now commenced a series of interminable delays which threw Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce of Bleak House fame quite into the shade. Burden, an ardent man, believed the proceedings would be closed in three months, and that as the defendants had made an enormous amount of spikes, the plaintiffs would be awarded at least \$150,000 damages. Alas! Burden had not carefully studied Jarndyce or Walworth.

The case went on, it stood still, it went on, it stood still, till all the original counsel were frozen out of it or had died. But the tough Ex-Chancellor, who was drawing heavy fees as he went along, was like Jefferson's federalist office-holders—he neither died nor resigned. And so the years rolled away till the constantly accumulating testimony reached thousands of folios, and being put in print from time to time filled many huge volumes. An incident or two will illustrate the mode of taking evidence. The Ex-Chancellor held the reference in his office at Saratoga, where all the witnesses appeared. One witness came from Troy and was sworn. At Saratoga he became acquainted with a young lady, married her and was a father before he left the stand. Another witness was sworn. Burden saw him well under way, and then sailed for Europe to take out certain patents in foreign countries. He travelled extensively for this purpose in Great Britain and on the Continent, and after an absence of several months he returned and found the same witness still testifying. Other facts of this kind might be stated, but these will serve as specimens.

After wasting years on the case, Walworth decided that the plain-

tiffs were not entitled to recover any damages whatever. An appeal was taken from this decision, and what then became of the matter I do not know.

Walworth for nineteen years occupied the seat which James Kent had adorned. He was a nightmare on the jurisprudence of New York. One of the moving causes for the adoption of the Constitution of 1847, was to rid the State of the Court of Chancery and of Reuben Hyde Walworth as Chancellor.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

On the first of January, 1855, Daniel Cady resigned from the bench of the Supreme Court. Lieut. Gov. Henry J. Raymond, Editor of the *New York Times*, asked me to write him an article on the subject. I complied with his wishes. This hastily prepared production duly appeared in the *Times*, and, much to my surprise, it subsequently occupied 12 pages in the appendix to the XVIII volume of Barbour's Reports of the N. Y. Supreme Court, where it was given the rather high sounding title of "a part of the History of the Bar and Bench of New York."

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

The power of the press in the United States has advanced with marvellous strides during the past half century. This is especially true of the city journals. Their increased circulation in comparison with that of the country newspapers is largely due to the better facilities they enjoy in our day for reaching rural readers.

Journalism not only ranks among the learned professions both in respect to the influence it exerts, and the intellectual qualifications necessary to succeed in it, but in some regards it leads all the others. To reach eminence in it requires a higher grade of talents and a broader and more varied literary furnishment than are wanted to advance to the upper seats at the bar. If our ablest lawyers were, without disclosing their names, to send editorial articles to the foremost city journals on topics outside of their profession, an impartial hand would, as a general rule, consign them to the waste basket. Newspaper reporters of the thoroughly trained school are superior to lawyers of the middle class. They do a large business at Washington in writing speeches for Senators and Representatives. Indeed, so common is this that whenever I see an exceptionally able set speech by an inferior member of either House, I am constrained to exclaim, "That is a good speech; I wonder what newspaper man wrote it?" The enterprising correspondent who sold the same

speech to two Congressmen, each of whom delivered it as his own, rather imposed on his victims, especially as he himself hired a third person to write it. There should be honor among such people.

This line of remark will now and then reply to reports from Congressional Committees and the Executive departments and to Governors' Messages and emanations from State Legislatures. Oh, well, if you don't know how to do a thing yourself, is it not best to invoke the aid of somebody who does?

ALBANY NEWSPAPERS.

In the conflicts between the Barnburners and the Hunkers the young Albany *Atlas* was the organ of the former, and the venerable Albany *Argus* of the latter. William Cassidy, the editor of the *Atlas*, was a versatile writer. He was assisted by the solid abilities of Henry H. Van Dyck, and the graphic wit of John Van Buren, the titular prince of Lindenwald. Edwin Croswell, who had long managed the *Argus*, was trained in the Albany Regency, a political organization that controlled the Democratic party in New York for twenty years. He was an editor of rare gifts. He encountered an opponent worthy of his blade in Mr. Weed of the Albany *Evening Journal*. The *Argus* at a later day came under the able direction of Mr. S. M. Shaw, now of the Cooperstown *Freeman's Journal*, and absorbed the *Atlas*, while the veteran George Dawson took the helm of the *Evening Journal* after the brilliant pen of Mr. Samuel Wilkeson disappeared from its columns. In the vicissitudes of parties from 1848 to 1857, I occasionally wrote as a volunteer for these influential newspapers.

THE TRIBUNE AND THE SUN.

I have never been on the editorial staff of either the *N. Y. Tribune* or the *N. Y. Sun*. But for the past thirty years I have written largely for each in turn, and mostly in the editorial columns. From 1855 to 1866 I contributed regularly to the *Tribune*, then controlled by Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana, the latter, however, retiring when he was appointed Assistant Secretary of War. I commenced upon the *Sun* in January, 1868, when Mr. Dana became its editor, and have continued on that line till to day. My articles in these two journals would fill many volumes.

The questions I treated in the columns of these two newspapers were of every variety. There is one topic, however, to which I will particularly refer. It often devolved upon me to prepare obituary notices of distinguished persons, especially for the *Sun*. They ex-

hibit the defects of hasty writing, for they were produced under the pressure of emergencies, that would permit of no delay. I recall the following names of subjects selected at random : Robert Rautoul, Daniel Cady, John Brown, Salmon P. Chase, Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Thaddeus Stevens, John A. Dix, William Cullen Bryant, William Lloyd Garrison, Benjamin F. Wade, William Pitt Fessenden, Henry Wilson, Gerrit Smith, Daniel S. Dickinson, William H. Seward, Sanford E. Church, Thurlow Weed, James Watson Webb. It gave me a melancholy pleasure to strew these stray flowers on the graves of my coadjutors in a great and good cause.

ESPRIT DE CORPS OF JOURNALISM.

On Sunday afternoon, December 28th, 1874, I called at the house of Gen. John Cochrane in New York, and there learned that Gerrit Smith had that morning been stricken with apoplexy and was lying unconscious in the chamber above. That manly form was waging a desperate battle for life. His attending physician, Dr. Edward Bayard, my brother-in-law, informed me that it was quite possible he might live till the next day. Late in the evening it occurred to me that I would go to the *Sun* office and prepare an obituary notice of the friend whom I had known for forty years. I dictated it to a shorthand writer. It would fill five columns of the *Sun*. The hour of midnight arrived when it must be decided whether or not it was to go into print. There was no one to confer with but the night editor. I finally sent the article to the composing room, where they prefixed to it the startling heading, "Gerrit Smith's Death Bed." On Monday morning the *Sun* took the town by surprise. Gen. Cochrane's house was filled with reporters. Mr. Smith died about noon.

Toward evening I dropped into the *Sun* office. The night editor rushed up to me, his eyes all aglow, and seizing my hand, exclaimed, "Mr. Stanton, that was one of the grandest newspaper beats that ever happened in New York! And how fortunate it is for us that Mr. Smith died to-day. It would have been very embarrassing if he had lived."

The enthusiastic outburst of the night editor may be regarded as the very effervesence of the *esprit de corps* of Journalism.

WM. M. TWEED AND THE SUN.

For several years I attended State Conventions of both parties in New York and superintended the reports of their doings for the *Sun*,

by a stenographer, who minded his business and let mine alone. It was easy to describe what had transpired to-day, but it was difficult to foreshadow what was to occur to-morrow. I was oft-times able to do the latter because I had long been personally acquainted with the leaders of factions, and they would accept my assurance that the information they imparted would not be disclosed to others, though both sides understood that the facts were to appear in the *Sun*.

I was at the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse in 1871. The exposures in the N. Y. *Times* of the frauds of the Tweed Ring had startled the country Democrats. Nevertheless the delegates from the city were, as usual, under the absolute control of Tweed. I am now to speak of the evening before the Convention organized. Ultimate results would depend upon whether the Tweed delegation on the morrow demanded seats therein. I knew it was the purpose of such Democrats as Gov. Seymour, Mr. Tilden, Chief Judge Church and Senator Kernan to exclude them; and Mr. Tilden had counted his followers and feared no failure.

At midnight I met Mr. Tweed alone by appointment in his private apartment where he was to explain to me his programme for the morrow. The scene will long remain in my memory. The chandelier in the large room was turned low, and the elaborate furniture cast ghastly shadows on the walls. The fallen Boss, whom I was wont to see in the fullness of his strength, was nervous and sad. In a voice slightly tremulous with emotion he said the credentials of the Tammany delegates would not be presented. He surprised me with the frankness of his utterances. I will not name those of his persecutors to whom he said he had previously paid money, for a vein of bitterness tinged his conversation.

At a later date Tweed was sacrificed to save others who were as guilty as himself. While in prison in the fall of 1877, he was drawn into detailed disclosures of the robberies of the Ring by promises which were not kept. Though a public plunderer he was as honest as some of his prosecutors.

OTHER STATE CONVENTIONS.

I was at many State Conventions on the like errand with that just described. As, for example, at the Republican Convention of 1871, when Conkling and Fenton crossed swords, and the latter was grievously wounded; and at the Democratic Convention of 1874, where Samuel J. Tilden received authority to break up the Canal Ring, which he afterward executed; and at the Democratic Convention of 1876, which placed Lucius Robinson in a station that en-

abled that sour politician to disrupt and almost destroy his party ; and at the Republican Convention of 1877, where Roscoe Conkling impaled George William Curtis on a sneer, and embalmed him in an epithet ; and at the Republican Convention of 1879, where Alonzo B. Cornell surprised his opponents by winning the gubernatorial nomination, and afterward beat his antagonist at the polls by aid of a flank movement of John Kelly.

If newspaper men at State Conventions want valuable information, they should know exactly where to seek it, and possess the confidence of those who can impart it.

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS AND THE CLERGY.

Though chronologically out of place, I will here say, that in the heat of the assault upon the Southern oligarchy, when epithets were not always carefully chosen by the assailants, the charge was made that the religious newspapers in the North were opposed to the Anti-Slavery enterprise. This was at one period the attitude of journals of that class in large cities, but was never true of those published in the country districts and smaller towns. I occasionally contributed to the religious press and I speak from personal knowledge when I affirm that in the later stages of our conflict with the baleful institution, and especially in the civil war, it was a powerful agent in the work of securing the freedom of the slave and the preservation of the Union.

These journals were controlled by clergymen, and what I have said of their newspapers will hold good of the body of the ministers in the North from the opening of the Anti-Slavery contest to its close. They were unjustly accused of hostility to emancipation. This was true for a time in a partial sense of those who preached to the wealthy, aristocratic churches of the chief cities, but it was quite otherwise with those of the rural districts, and with the ministers of two or three of the most populous sects. I speak from personal observation when I assert that in the trying crisis of our struggle there were no firmer champions of the slave than the mass of the northern clergy.

The best condensed history of American journalism is from the pen of Frederic Hudson, in Johnson's Cyclopedias. Mr. Hudson was for thirty years on the editorial staff of the *N. Y. Herald*.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

My memory is full of anecdotes of public men, some of which may

be worth relating. I hesitate about unsealing the fountain, for if the stream is left to regulate itself, it may run too long. We must make selections, and those perhaps not always the best. There will be one redeeming feature in the performance: the writer will try not to be the hero of his own stories.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND THE "CONSCIENCE WHIGS."

The Whig State Convention of Massachusetts met in the fall of 1846, at Faneuil Hall. It was during the Mexican war. The Whig party in that State had long been encumbered with the Presidential aspirations of Mr. Webster. An element known as "Conscience Whigs" elected several delegates to the Convention, among whom were Stephen C. Phillips, Horace Mann and Charles Francis Adams, all good debaters and full of courage. They offered resolutions about the war and slavery that did not run in the Websterian grooves. In the afternoon the discussion waxed warm, and the revolting faction, (the counterpart of the New York Barnburners,) were getting the best of it in their encounter with the Conservatives. Charles Francis Adams was on the platform throwing out short, pungent sentences that flew like arrows through the Hall. I was a close observer of the scene from the gallery which looked down upon the rostrum, but had not noticed that two prominent Whig leaders had left half an hour before. The Convention sat with its back to the great door of the Hall, around which was a crowd of spectators. While Adams was speaking a clapping of hands suddenly broke out near the door, and instantly there emerged from the excited throng the imposing form of Webster leaning on the arms of Abbott Lawrence and Robert C. Winthrop. A shout of "Webster!" went up from the floor and the galleries, and three cheers bounded to the roof. The two messengers found the great expounder (so it was reported) at dinner. His cheek was a little flushed, but they had taken him from the festive board in time. Adams subsided and Webster ascended the platform. His first sentence was, "I like to meet the Whigs of Massachusetts in State Convention assembled, because their proceedings always breathe the spirit of Liberty." He hesitated a second or two before pronouncing the word "Liberty," but when it came out it seemed to weigh ten pounds. It was a shot right between wind and water. He spoke briefly, closing substantially as follows: "In the troubled night that surrounds us I see no light by which to guide our course except in the united action of the united Whig party of the United States."

The resolutions of the Conscience Whigs were laid on the table; but in due time the recoil came, and in six years later Daniel Webster turned his face to the wall at Marshfield and died because he could not obtain even a nomination to the Presidency, while these Whigs marched onward with the grand procession that ultimately saved the Union and destroyed Slavery.

CRITTENDEN ON CLAY AND WEBSTER.

A dozen years or more after this event in Faneuil Hall I happened to be one of a dinner party in Washington where John J. Crittenden and Thomas Corwin were the shining lights. The conversation turned on Clay and Webster, both of whom were then in their graves. Mr. Crittenden said, "We all (i. e. the Clay Whigs) desired to see Clay and Webster elected to the Presidency, and we felt that to accomplish this object it was necessary that Mr. Clay should come first, but we were never able to make Mr. Webster and his personal friends see this, and therefore neither of them won the prize." The following anecdote was vouched for by competent authority. In the stormy days of John Tyler while Mr. Webster was his Secretary of State, and Rufus Choate was in the Senate, and Congress was in extra session in the fall of 1841, the question of chartering a United States Bank was shaking the country. Mr. Clay, as Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate was pressing the measure, and Tyler was resisting it. A conference of leading Whig Senators was held. Clay, with lofty mien, was for waging relentless war on the accidental President, who had stepped into the White House over the dead body of Gen. Harrison. Choate again and again told what Webster thought ought to be done. Clay was restive and exclaimed, "Who cares a damn about what Webster thinks." In 1844, Clay was the Whig candidate for President. The tariff and the annexation of Texas, wherein he had conspicuously figured, were the leading issues of the canvass. On a memorable occasion in the campaign Webster made an elaborate speech, but never once mentioned Clay's name. It must have severely taxed his ingenuity to avoid it.

These probably are fair illustrations of the relations in which these eminent statesmen stood toward each other during the last ten years of their lives.

RIVALRIES OF POLITICAL LEADERS.

Rivalries of the type displayed by Clay and Webster have been common among leaders of parties, and have often torn them in pieces;

as for instance, those of Jackson and Calhoun; Van Buren and Cass; Benton and Atchinson; Marey and Wright; Buchanan and Dickinson; Ritchie and Blair; Cass and Douglas; John Van Buren and Seymour; Seward and Chase; Weed and Greeley; Wade and Chase; Greeley and Raymond; Dix and Tilden; Conkling and Fenton; Hendricks and McDonald; Cameron and Grow; Thurman and Payne; Blaine and Conkling.

The glass shows many more. Let no one complain that his name is omitted. If all were included the line would stretch out till the crack of doom.

JOHN VAN BUREN.

I shall not try to paint a portrait of the brilliant Barnburner. There could hardly be a wider contrast between two men than the space that divided the Sage of Lindenwald from Prince John. In one particular, however, they were alike. Each had that personal magnetism that binds followers to leaders with hooks of steel. The father was grave, urbane, wary, a safe counsellor, and accustomed to an argumentative and deliberate method of address that befitted the Bar and the Senate. Few knew how able a lawyer the elder Van Buren was. The son was enthusiastic, frank, bold, and given to wit, repartee, and a style of oratory admirably adapted to swaying popular assemblies. The younger Van Buren, too, was a sound lawyer. Some of his admirers were wont to tell him that he made a mistake in not aiding to lay the foundations of the Republican party, "for," said they in 1856, "if you had, you would now have been where Fremont is." "Wait and let us see," was the sarcastic response, "how Fremont turns out." When years afterward I heard of the sad death of my friend I recalled the lines of Scott:

"Fleet foot on the corrie
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber."

BALTIMORE CONVENTION OF 1852.

The Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1852, was a desperate struggle for the nomination to the Presidency between Cass, Buchanan, Marey and Douglas. The New York delegation was divided in the proportion of twenty-three for Marey, whose leader was Horatio Seymour, and thirteen for Cass, whose leader was Daniel S. Dickinson. It soon became apparent that Mr. Dickinson himself was a candidate, and was looking for success to a combination between a large share of the supporters of Cass and a

smaller contingent of the friends of Buchanan. Indeed, Mr. Dickinson told me so. The ballottings were many and wearisome, each of the aspirants doing his best to pull down his rivals.

At the close of the first day I was passing through the hall of Barnum's Hotel when to my surprise I was invited by Dickinson to enter a room where the Virginia delegation (which thus far had voted for Buchanan) was in consultation. After an introduction and a statement that I was a Barnburner, the Chairman asked me whether if Mr. Dickinson were to receive the nomination, he could carry New York? Never can I forget the anxious look of Dickinson as they waited for the answer. I promptly replied that Mr. Dickinson, and Gov. Marcy, and Mr. Douglas, and any other man whom the Convention nominated, would receive the electoral vote of New York. I then retired from this very unexpected interview. Dickinson followed me, thanked me, but regretted that I had mentioned any other name than his.

The next morning Virginia voted for Dickinson. I then saw what the interview of the previous day meant. Dickinson rose, made a short speech, thanked Virginia and begged its delegation to support Gen. Cass. This was the keynote for the combination on Dickinson. He asked me if I thought Virginia would adhere to him, and I frankly told him "no," for I had reasons for regarding its vote merely as a compliment. Mr. Dickinson's friends used to assert that he threw away the Presidency on this occasion. I happened to know better. He never stood for a moment where he could control the Virginia vote.

On the next ballot Virginia voted for Franklin Pierce. The Convention was weary, and soon the stampede came, and the New Hampshire brigadier was nominated. He proved to be the worst investment the Democracy ever made. He approved the bill for repealing the Missouri Compromise, which afterward sent the party to perdition.

The Barnburners did not weep over the defeat of Marcy, rejoiced at the discomfiture of Cass, and were in doubt about Pierce. The Convention had adopted resolutions declaring the pro-slavery Compromise acts of 1850, a "finality" on that subject. On the way home from Baltimore a Hunker was teasing Dean Richmond by telling him that the proceedings were a finality on the Wilmot Proviso. "A finality on old Cass," was the swift response of the bluff Dean. Though so destitute of all literary furnishment as to be scarcely able to write grammatically, Mr. Richmond carried on his

broad shoulders one of the clearest heads in the ranks of the Barn-burners.

PIERCE'S CABINET.

Pierce was a dissembler. He offered the New York seat in his cabinet to John A. Dix, who accepted it. It afterward turned out that he had written to William L. Marcy, who was then in the West Indies, offering him the New York seat, and he came to Washington in pursuance of his invitation and was appointed Secretary of State. My authority for the first of these statements was Gen-Dix; for the latter it was Gov. Marcy.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The first time I saw Jefferson Davis was in 1848 or 9, in a short encounter between him and John P. Hale in the Senate on the subject of slavery. The New Hampshire Free-Soiler was facetious. The Mississippi Fire-Eater was contemptuous. He called slavery a blessing, and Hale told him to hug it to his bosom and bless himself with it to his heart's content, assuring him in his jolly style that he should not interfere with the billing and cooing. In March, 1853, when Pierce was framing his Cabinet Davis was at Washington, and as is well remembered became Secretary of War. He seemed gentle in speech, with a musical voice, and was instructive and agreeable in conversation. He was the evil genius of the Pierce administration on the slavery question, whose ominous thunderings low down in the horizon already foreboded the rising storm.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HENRY WILSON.

As we are paying little regard to chronology, I will refer to the fact that Davis and Wilson served several years together on the military committee of the Senate. In the gloomy winter of 1860-61, when Davis took leave of the Senate to lead in the rebellion, he walked over to Wilson's seat, shook him cordially by the hand and said that he was going to lay aside the old flag for awhile, but in coming years and under brighter skies it might be again unfolded as of yore.

Mr. Wilson wrote an elaborate book in two volumes, entitled, "The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power." Though the style is heavy, it is a valuable storehouse of facts. Of course, he gathered his materials as others do. He levied contributions among his friends. He assessed me to the amount of 150 foolscap pages, which he wrought into the book in his own way. In coming years when some

Macaulay shall compose a history of this great epoch, he will find Wilson's work a rich mine from which to draw materials.

SEWARD AND CONKLING.

Mr. Seward represented New York in the Senate in a grand and memorable era. He rose to the level of his responsibilities, and was courageous, sagacious, sincere and earnest. He led a forlorn hope against formidable foes over which the cause he championed finally triumphed. He was grave in argument and dignified in demeanor, and though rhetorical and even ornate in style, he never indulged in those flashy flippances that sometimes succeed in palming themselves off as wit, but which legitimate wit repudiates as a bastard progeny.

In 1858, Roscoe Conkling was the Republican candidate for Congress in Oneida. Mr. O. B. Matteson, who had previously represented this district, was zealously opposing him. Matteson had long been a personal friend of Mr. Seward. Hard pressed, Mr. Conkling sent for Mr. Seward and myself to address a county meeting at Rome. Mr. Seward was summoned to counteract the effect of Matteson's hostility. Wrapped in a blue broadcloth cloak with elegant trimmings, Conkling surveyed the large audience with anxious eye. I spoke first, eulogizing Seward and Conkling. The Senator commenced his address with a hearty encomium upon Matteson by way of preface to the matter in hand. He then spoke generally in support of the Republican cause and eloquently commended his young friend Conkling to the voters of Oneida.

The next morning I went to Utica, and was amused to see that the only notice taken of the Rome meeting by the general Press, was a nearly verbatim report of Mr. Seward's eulogium of Mr. Matteson. This, of course, would go the grand rounds of the newspapers in the State. I met Mr. Conkling. My acquaintance with the English language is not sufficiently intimate to enable me to describe how angry he was.

Mr. Conkling was elected. Then commenced those twenty years of service in the House and Senate which have left their lustrous mark on the records of Congress.

AN EXPLANATION.

From what follows, it will appear that I was frequently in Washington during Buchanan's administration. This was due to the fact that I was employed there in taking a huge mass of testimony in a

law-suit. However, my clients were ultimately compensated for time and trouble by a recovery of nearly \$80,000.

SEWARD, FREMONT, AND WEED.

Nobody knew better than Mr. Seward that if he had been the candidate for the Presidency in 1856, he would have received the same vote that Mr. Fremont did, and that his nomination in 1860, would have inevitably followed, and he would have entered the White House instead of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Seward believed he had been deserted in 1856, (if not betrayed) for Fremont, whom, in his Roine speech, he called "a myth."

At the close of the Fremont campaign some money remained in the treasury of the National Committee. William M. Chace, the Secretary, one of my old Anti-Slavery associates, favored its expenditure on the famous "Helper Book." Edwin D. Morgan, the Chairman would consent to this, if Mr. Weed advised it. Being at Washington in the winter of 1857-8 on law business, I met Mr. Chace who had come there for the rather queer purpose of requesting Mr. Seward to request Mr. Weed to request Mr. Morgan to adopt Chace's plan for the disposal of this money. Chace not knowing Mr. Seward personally, I went one evening to his house to introduce him. The Governor was alone with his after dinner cigar. Chace explained his case to his attentive listener, I sitting near at hand reading a newspaper. The Governor puffed out a cloud of smoke and began to talk in that deliberate style so familiar to his friends. "Mr. Chace, I understand you want me to speak to Mr. Weed and request him to advise Mr. Morgan to make a certain disposition of the funds in question?" Mr. Chace bowed. "Mr. Chace," resumed the Governor, "Mr. Weed is a very peculiar man. He is a very secretive man. He is an unfathomable man. He thinks I am always driving everything to the devil. But throughout my public life he has told me to do this or that particular thing, and I have done it. He has told me not to do that and I have refrained from doing it. Whether in all this he was cheating me or cheating somebody else, (for I take it for granted he is always cheating somebody,) I don't know." He then suggested to Mr. Chace to go to Senator Simon Cameron and tell him he had sent him, and take his advice in the matter of the funds. Some Congressmen dropped in and Chace and I shook hands with Mr. Seward and left. We did not speak for a block or two. My Rhode Island coadjutor then jerked my arm, burst into a laugh and said, "Did you ever hear anything equal to that?"

SEWARD AND GREELEY.

I was at Mr. Seward's in Auburn. The conversation ran on public affairs and public men. He remarked that it was a long time before he fathomed one prominent character in New York. This was Horace Greeley. He said he had supposed Greeley was doing his work from philanthropic motives, and had no desire for office; but subsequently he found he was mistaken, and that he was very eager to hold office. I replied in rather a careless tone, "Governor, do you not think it would have been better for you if you had let him have office?" Mr. Seward looked at me intently, and then slowly responded, "I dont know but it would." I was not aware how point-blank a shot I had fired, for I did not then know of the existence of the letter of November 11th, 1854, addressed by Greeley to Seward, dissolving the old political firm of "Seward, Weed and Greeley," by the withdrawal of the junior partner. Greeley's opposition to Seward's nomination to the Presidency in 1860, brought this unique epistle out of the secret archives of Mr. Seward. It is printed in Mr. Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life," and will repay perusal by students of fallen human nature.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Rising from obscurity and poverty, Stephen A. Douglas, without adventitious aids, advanced by sheer force of will and perseverance to eminent leadership in the Democratic party. He had little learning, but was endowed with rare oratorical gifts, while his buoyant spirits made him popular with the multitude. He was a native born Tribune of the people. A little story will illustrate his jovial manner. Beverly Tucker was sitting on his knee with Douglas' arm around him. "Bev," said he, "when I get to be President what shall I do for you?" "Doug," replied Tucker, "when you get to be President, all I shall ask of you is to take me on your knee, put your arm around me, and call me "Bev."

In his contest for Senator with Mr. Lincoln in 1858, he was successful, but did not come to Washington in the following winter until after his re-election to the Senate by the Legislature. In his conflict with the "tall Sucker" of Springfield, the "Little Giant" of Chicago had been driven to the utterance of opinions on the Free-Soil question which were repugnant to the creed of such Slavery Propogandists in the Senate as Davis, Mason, Toombs and Slidell.

His reception in the Senate on his first appearance was a spectacle to be enjoyed. As he entered, a select crowd in the galleries

applauded. Mason, Slidell and their bitter clique scowled and did not recognize him. When a distinguished Senator approached he rose from his seat and received the greeting with marked cordiality. The lesser lights were content with a hearty shake of the hand, he maintaining a sitting posture. Jefferson Davis came to his chair. Douglas rose and they bowed and bowed, but seemed to say very little. After some of the minor Republicans had paid their respects to the lion of the hour, Mr. Seward crossed the aisle, Douglas rose, they bowed, and he then gave the leader of the opposition a seat by his side. Since the last session the Senate had removed into its new chamber, where Douglas had never sat. Lest he and Seward should be suspected of conversing about the Illinois contest (which was delicate ground for Mr. Seward to tread) the latter with spectacles in hand and arm extended, was pointing out the architectural beauties of the new Hall, Mr. Douglas following the spectacles with his eye, and twisting around in his chair to keep pace with their meanderings.

For many days Douglas was quiet, content with his victory at home. The Slavery Propogandists determined to drive him out of the party. A string of resolutions condemnatory of his Illinois opinions was introduced into the Senate. The debate lasted far into the night. The Republicans generally stood aloof. The attacks upon Douglas were rare specimens of malignant oratory, Mason and Slidell being particularly offensive. Douglas and his few Democratic coadjutors bore up gallantly against their assailants. Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, a Democratic Senator, was a strong, rough debater. In the evening he converted the Senate Chamber into a threshing floor, and his tongue into a flail. He told the Propogandists that instead of receiving the distinguished Senator from Illinois as a victor, they had treated him as if was a pickpocket. He pointed to the many seats, one by one, now occupied by Republicans, which he had formerly seen filled by Democrats. "And this," he exclaimed in stentorian tones, and shaking his fist at the antagonists of Douglas, "is due to your detestable doctrines." They quailed under the flagellation of Stuart. It gave them a foretaste of the war.

The success of the north in the war of the Rebellion was, strange to say, in part due to the author of the bill that repealed the Missouri Compromise. I refer to the patriotic letter Douglas addressed to his Democratic friends, which was appended to Mr. Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers in April, 1861. It produced an impression through the country almost as profound as the President's

proclamation. It extinguished the hope of the south that they were to receive open aid from the northern Democracy in the attempt to destroy the Union. Indeed, the accession to the patriotic side of the struggle at a critical juncture of four such distinguished Democrats as Gen. Cass, Mr. Dickinson, Robert J. Walker and Mr. Douglas, went far to inspire confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Constitutional party.

It so happened that Mr. Douglas and I left Washington in the same railway train in the perilous days of April, 1861. We occupied adjoining seats till we reached the Relay House, where he turned his face toward his western home. He told me he should spend the spring and summer in rallying the people of Illinois to the support of Lincoln and the Union. Alas! on the third of the following June, his sun set to rise no more on earth.

MR. CORWIN AND GOV. PENNINGTON.

Thomas Corwin was the prince of orators. He was elected to the House in 1858. He had long before won fame throughout the Union. No party had an absolute majority in the House that witnessed the terrible era that ushered in the rebellion. The balance of power between the Republicans and Democrats in the House was held by a small body of northern Know-Nothings, southern Know-Nothings, and old line Whigs. John Sherman, on the nomination of Mr. Corwin, became the Republican candidate for Speaker. The contest, commencing in December, 1859, continued for eight weeks. The ballottings were interspersed with a variety of speeches. One morning Corwin arose. The House and galleries overflowed with spectators. His address lasted three days. His aim was to prove that in their efforts to prohibit by law the extension of slavery the Republicans were a Constitutional party. It was one of the most wonderful speeches I ever heard. All that had gone before it and all that came after it in this weary contest of two months, seemed mere chattering in comparison with an effort that was replete with logic, wit, humor, repartee, sarcasm, and pertinent references to history, and sketches of statesmen in early days who held the doctrines of the Wilmot Proviso; and all the while amid the glitter of the lighter and gayer passages of the speech, the orator was carrying forward the heavy chain of ratiocination.

One day there was an unusual commotion on the floor. The pages were running to and fro, and a hundred quivering pencils were keeping tally to the call of the Clerk. It was seen that all the Democrats and a dangerously large share of the Know-Nothings

and Old Line Whigs were voting for Mr. Smith, of N. C., a new candidate. Ere the result was announced, John Sherman rose. "Mr. Clerk, please call my name." "John Sherman," said the Clerk. "Thomas Corwin," responded Sherman. On counting the tally list it was found that the votes cast for Sherman and the one vote for Corwin, were precisely equal to the total votes given to Smith. A narrow escape.

That evening Sherman withdrew, and ex-Governor William Pennington of N. J. was named as the Republican candidate. There being no regular chaplain, it had been the custom to invite the Washington clergy in turn to officiate in that capacity. The next morning the Jewish rabbi appeared for the first time. Arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, he lifted his open eyes to the ceiling and prayed that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would break the deadlock in the House and set the wheels of Congress in motion. Winter Davis, who had steadily voted against Sherman, was pacing the hall in the rear of the seats. When the Clerk called his name he answered in a tone that thrilled the house, "Pennington!" The elegant member from Baltimore had a following. After one or two ballots Pennington was chosen, the eight weeks contest was over, and the Republicans had a speaker. The House took a long breath and determined to have some sport. A motion to adjourn was voted down, and so was another and another. The new speaker gave the floor to everybody that asked for it till a dozen members were talking at once amid screams of laughter. Mr. John Cochrane, a Democrat, crept up the marble steps and told Mr. Pennington that if he would recognize him he would move an adjournment, and he believed enough Democrats would vote with him to carry the motion. "Oh, no, Mr. Cochrane," said the speaker, "let her run." After it had had fun enough to digest its dinner the House adjourned, with probably the clumsiest presiding officer that ever filled the chair.

WADE AND TOOMBS.

Mr. Slidell introduced into the Senate a bill to appropriate twenty or thirty millions of dollars (I forget which) for the purchase of Cuba. Of course, the object was to strengthen the slave power. When he moved to take up the bill it was antagonized by a motion to take up the bill for granting public lands free of cost to settlers, known as the Homestead bill. A debate immediately arose on the merits of the two measures, which ran into the night, and became intensely bitter toward the close. Toombs of Georgia, whose seat

was right beside Benjamin F. Wade's, was eloquently abusive. He shook his fist at Seward, who at that moment was standing in the door of a cloak-room calmly puffing a cigar, and called him a little demagogue. He accused the Republicans of being afraid of the "lacklanders" (as he styled those who might wish to accept the privileges of the homestead policy) frequently thumping his desk by way of emphasis, and occasionally striking a blow on Wade's. As he took his seat half a dozen Senators sprang to their feet. Vice President Breckinridge could not but give the floor to Wade, for he leaped clear from the carpet. Turning short on Toombs, he exclaimed, "Afraid are we? Afraid are we? I never saw anything or any man under God's heavens that I was afraid of," at the same time smiting Toombs' desk with his fist, which came inconveniently close to the Georgian's nose. Two or three more sentences in this vein were hurled at him, accompanied by heavy thuds on the desk. Toombs rolled back his chair and said, "I except my friend from Ohio from my too sweeping remark" "Very well," resumed Wade, "if you wish to back out you can go." He then briefly dissected Slidell's measure, contrasting it with the homestead policy, and exclaimed, "We accept the issue tendered to us, and will go to the people on it, viz.: "Land for the landless *versus* Niggers for the niggerless." The excited auditory burst into loud applause, which was not easily suppressed. Slidell's motion was rejected, Mr. Douglas rubbing his hands in great glee at the discomfiture of his sly, sour enemy.

It is rare that we meet a character that embodied so much rough grandeur as Benjamin Franklin Wade's. He did not know what fear was.

SCENES IN THE HOUSE.

During Buchanan's administration scenes often occurred in the House more dramatic and perilous than any in the Senate. I was present when Grow, of Pa., knocked down Keitt, of S. C., under circumstances that came near to involving the members, and perhaps the galleries, in bloodshed. It was due to the caution and firmness of Speaker Orr that the catastrophe was averted. At a later day Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, a brother of the Alton martyr, while delivering a speech, unconsciously advanced step by step across the area in front of the Clerk's desk. A southern member laid his hand on Lovejoy's shoulder, saying, "Go back to your own side." Instantly the area was full of members, the most of whom were armed. Burlingame jumped on a chair and cocked his re-

volver. The ominous "click" of other weapons was heard. Washburne, of Illinois, clutched at the supposed hair of Barksdale, of Miss., and pulled off his wig. High above the din rose the voice of Kellogg, of Illinois, crying, "My colleague shall be heard!" The crowd swayed to and fro, the mace of the little Sergeant-at-Arms dancing about on the surface till it was thrown clear out of the vortex, recalling the scene in Westminster Hall when Cromwell, who had entered to expel the Rump Parliament, was confronted with the mace and cried, "Take away that bauble." The frightened Speaker rapped, rapped, rapped, shouted order, order, order, and the storm finally subsided.

Thaddeus Stevens, clearly within parliamentary rules, was addressing the House in his usual pungent style, when Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia, followed by a dozen other superheated Secessionists, rushed toward him, some of them threatening to assassinate him on the spot, unless he retracted his words. The brave old Commoner maintained his ground, and stood by his words. He was then in his 69th year, and a cripple. Crawford was 40, and tall, wiry, and athletic: The assault plunged the House into a vortex of excitement. The deliberation and dignity of Stevens cowed Crawford and his caitiffs, who, one after another, slunk into their seats, while the great debater resumed his speech. The steadiness of nerve exhibited by Mr. Stevens probably saved the House from a bloody affray.

The subsequent career of Crawford illustrates his colossal impudence. During the civil war he was a member of the Rebel Congress, and was sent by that treasonable assembly to Washington as one of a so-called Commission or Embassy to negotiate a treaty of peace between the Confederacy and the United States, on the basis that the Union was already dissolved. Could effrontry further go!

These tumults were the skirmishes that preceded Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburgh and Appomattox Court House. Keitt was killed in battle in front of Washington, and Barksdale fell in the last terrible charge of Lee against Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburgh, but Crawford preferred to practice law.

SEWARD AND CHICAGO.

In 1860, Mr. Seward made a speech in the Senate which he thought would remove all obstacles to his nomination to the Presidency at Chicago. He read it to me before it was delivered, and requested me to write a description for the N. Y. *Tribune* of the

scene in the Chamber during the delivery, which I did. Soon a large edition of the speech and the description came to Washington. As he handed me some copies he said in his liveliest manner, "Here we go down to posterity together." He was in buoyant spirits, seeming not to doubt that his nomination was assured. He would have felt otherwise if he had known that at that critical moment there were not five Republican Senators who were heartily in favor of his candidacy. Even proud men can see their inferiority to other men and govern themselves accordingly. But they do not like to be reminded of the fact too often and too openly. More than one Senator from New York has disregarded this truth.

THOMAS CORWIN AND NEW ENGLAND.

In the early spring of 1860, State contests were pending in Connecticut and Rhode Island whose results might exert a wide influence in the next Presidential campaign. I spoke once in Connecticut and several times in Rhode Island. In the latter State a fierce struggle was raging for the Governorship between two rich candidates, William Sprague, Democrat, and Seth Paddleford, Republican. Each was flooding that little rotten borough with money. The Republicans urged me to get Mr. Corwin to come from Washington and help them. I told them he was poor and could not afford to waste money in stump speaking. I demanded a *carte blanche* as to the terms I was to submit to the peerless orator. They gave it. I saw him. In his half serious, half comic style, he pronounced me a philosopher, and started eastward; and on his return he remarked in the same vein, that the Yankees were the most magnificent and munificent people on the face of the globe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

When in the House of Representatives in 1848, I saw a tall, lank, sallow-hued member bending over the chair of another member, scarcely larger than one of the pages, whose dried skin looked like parchment. On inquiry I learned that they were Abraham Lincoln and Alexander H. Stephens, both Whigs.

In the spring of 1860, Mr. Lincoln came eastward. He delivered a wonderful speech in Cooper Institute, and went to Connecticut and Rhode Island, where he addressed tumultuous assemblies in the principal cities. His debate with Douglas, his speech in New York, and his trip to New England gave him the nomination to the Presidency.

SEWARD AND LINCOLN.

Mr. Seward was popular among his neighbors. On the day when the Chicago Convention was to ballot for a Presidential Candidate, Cayuga County poured itself into Auburn. The streets were full and Mr. Seward's house and grounds overflowed with his admirers. The trees waved their branches on the lawn as if betokening coming victory. Flags were ready to be raised, and a loaded cannon was placed at the gate whose pillars bore up two guardian lions. Arrangements had been perfected for the receipt of intelligence with unwonted speed from the scene where the battle was proceeding. At Mr. Seward's right hand, just within the porch, stood his trusty henchman, Christopher Morgan. The rider of a galloping steed dashed through the crowd with a telegram, and handed it to Gov. Seward. He read it and passed it to Morgan. For Seward 173 1-2, for Lincoln 103, and for other aspirants, 189 1-2. Morgan repeated it to the multitude, who cheered vehemently. Then came the tidings of the second ballot: For Seward, 184 1-2, for Lincoln, 181; and for others, 99 1-2. "I shall be nominated on the next ballot," said Seward, and the throng in the house applauded, and those on the lawn echoed the cheers. The next messenger from the telegraph office lashed his horse into a run. The telegram read, "Lincoln nominated. T. W." Seward turned as pale as ashes. The sad tidings crept through the vast concourse. The flags were furled, the cannon was rolled away, and Cayuga County went home with a clouded brow.

Mr. Seward retired to rest at a late hour, and the night breeze in the tall trees sighed a requiem over the blasted hopes of New York's eminent son.

LINCOLN'S CABINET.

After it was known that Mr. Seward was to be Secretary of State, great efforts were made by Vice President Hamlin, Mr. Greeley, Mr. Dana, Mr. Wadsworth, the elder Blair, and others of that type, to get Mr. Chase into the Treasury department as an offset to Mr. Seward. The President and Chase were on the same floor at Willard's Hotel. Mr. Chase had just been chosen a Senator in Congress. In ignorance of the President's intentions he repaired to the capitol and was sworn as Senator, when the message appointing him Secretary of the Treasury was opened in his presence. The case of Gideon Welles was not quite so singular. When Mr. Lincoln was stumping Connecticut, Welles accompanied him through the State. At Washington he told me he was to go into the

Cabinet, and when asked what portfolio he was to take, said he was not sure, but supposed he would be Postmaster General.

Chase proved no match for Seward in political management and the control of patronage, and was more than once reduced to humiliating straits, much to his mortification and disgust.

Gideon Welles as chief of a martial bureau in one of the greatest wars of modern times! My authority for the following incident was present at the Cabinet meeting where it occurred. Mr. Stanton the Secretary of War came in with the details of a foreshadowed plan for a simultaneous attack of the rebels at three points in which he would want a little assistance from the Navy. Stanton described his first place of attack, and said the troops would need the co-operation of one or two gunboats. The President, addressing Welles, asked if they could be furnished. He wriggled around in his chair and said he couldn't tell but would inquire and let them know at the next meeting of the Cabinet. And this, in substance, was his response on all the three points of Stanton's programme. Putting one of his feet on the table, the vexed President said, "Mr. Secretary, will you please tell us all you know about the Navy, and then we shall know all you don't know about it." And he was at the head of the department for eight years!

DOWN IN DIXIE—GEN. B. F. BUTLER.

As already stated, I left Washington for New York in April, 1861. I had witnessed the arrival at the capital of the first volunteer troops that came to its rescue on the 19th of the month. It was that brave Massachusetts regiment some of whose members had been slain while passing through Baltimore, and all of whom, doubtless, remembered that it was the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, fought 86 years before. I found Baltimore under the control of a mob. A portion of them were armed with muskets, stolen from an arsenal. While circulating among them (this was on Sunday) their murderous purposes were readily perceived. The telegraph wires and railroad tracks between Baltimore and Havre de Grace (where trains cross the Susquehanna,) had been destroyed. Nevertheless, somebody had obtained a copy or two of that number of the N. Y. *Herald* which declared in favor of maintaining the Union by force. The manifesto was read to a great throng, and it was easy to pick out the Secessionists by the fall of their countenances.

On Monday a small party of us hired at an exorbitant rate a man

to carry us to Havre de Grace. He proved to be a deputy sheriff of Harford County, residing at Bel Air, who had just come to Baltimore with passengers from the north. Baltimore was then a nest of rebels, and Maryland was on the verge of secession. The towns we went through were inflamed with excitement. I was on the box with our sheriff, who seemed to know everybody and would shout to the crowds "Hurrah for Jeff.," at the same time punching me and saying, "I'll take care of my load." We stopped at Bel Air to dine. Our wagon stood in the street with half a dozen trunks marked "New York" and so on, which loungers kept curiously inspecting. We waited a couple of hours after dinner; the horses had been stabled; the sheriff could not be found; the landlord, whom we had liberally rewarded for our dinner, was away, and there were no signs of preparation for our departure. The Court House was near at hand, and I had noticed that a tumultuous meeting was going on within, while a rough crowd hung around the door. After a long delay the landlord appeared, a team was attached to the vehicle, and the landlord shook hands with us, saying in a significant tone, "Gentlemen, you'll find us all right the next time you venture down into Dixie."

Now for the cause of our detention. The meeting at the Court House had been summoned to decide whether the county should go with the Secessionists. Our arrival had raised a side issue in a small circle of violent men, some of whom wanted to hang us, while others proposed to detain us for examination. The sheriff or landlord interposed and we were allowed to depart. On arriving at Havre we found that Gen. Butler had been there and captured all the ferry boats for the transportation of Massachusetts troops to Washington, via Annapolis. We hired a rowboat to take us across the Susquehanna to the railway depot, which a Pennsylvania regiment was at that moment entering, the flags flying and drums beating. Half a dozen fellows tried to prevent our crossing the river. A small scuffle ensued, and we were afloat. They fired muskets at us, but the shades of evening were gathering and they missed the mark. I conferred with the commander of the Pennsylvania regiment, giving him the latest information from Baltimore and Washington, whither he was bound, provided he could reach there.

Glorious Ben Butler! His prompt seizure of the ferryboats gave the country a foreshadowing of his stern quality. Clearer than most others he saw the end from the beginning. Baltimore never behaved so well as when cowering under the muzzles of his cannon. But Maryland was slow to take in the situation and did not come to

its senses till Gen. McClellan shut the doors of its Legislature to prevent the State being carried out of the Union. And so was it in New Orleans. That turbulent city was kept in good order when ruled by Gen. Butler's pen and sword. Many wise statesmen are still of the opinion that if the Butlerian plan had been carried out at the close of the war, and a few traitors like Jefferson Davis had been duly punished for their crimes, genuine peace would have come to the country much sooner and remained with it much longer than it has under a policy that has operated as a premium on disobedience to Federal law and defiance of the National flag.

SEWARD'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

On Mr. Seward's return in the fall of 1871, from his trip around the globe, Mr. Hugh J. Hastings arranged a plan for my going with the Governor to Auburn, accompanied by a stenographer, to get a condensed report of his journey for publication in the N. Y. *Sun*. Mr. Dana and I conferred and I went up. The report filled a broad side of the *Sun*, and, as Mr. Seward subsequently told me, it saved him much trouble, for when any of his friends asked about his trip he immediately gave them a copy of the newspaper.

Of the many incidents that occurred during this journey to Auburn I will relate but one. The morning after our arrival Mr. Seward was walking in his grounds. The servant was pointing him to this, that and the other thing, but he kept saying, "Show me the bird." I did not understand what he meant. Soon we stood before the largest eagle I ever saw, enclosed in a great cage. The Governor looked at the eagle; the eagle looked at the Governor. They exchanged winks, as much as to say, "We understand each other." Mr. Seward then exclaimed with some emotion, "When I was in Alaska they gave me that eagle, and that is all I ever got for my trouble in negotiating the Alaska treaty, except a great deal of undeserved personal abuse."

In the Autumn of 1872, Mr. Seward died. In 1828, I had been a member of the Young Men's State Convention over which Mr. Seward presided. I now stood by his open grave. In the intervening forty-four years he had played a great part in the history of his country.

THURMAN AND HAYES.

The contest for the Governorship of Ohio in 1875, between William Allen and Rutherford B. Hayes, exhibited features of national importance. I spent a few weeks in the State while this extra-

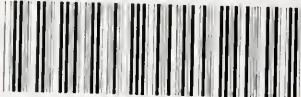
dinary campaign was in progress. Both candidates were addressing large audiences. Allen was impressive, sagacious, bold. Hayes was respectable, commonplace, feeble. Among other distinguished speakers whom I heard, were Ex-Gov. Noyes, afterward Minister to France, Senator McDonald, of Indiana, Judge Taft, now Minister to Austria, and Senator Allen G. Thurman. In a conversation with the latter at Columbus, he made a prediction which then seemed to me very singular. He said that if Hayes defeated Allen in the pending struggle, he would be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. Hayes did defeat Allen, and he was the candidate. The ablest man whom I met in my western tour, was Mr. Thurman.

It must annoy eminent statesmen who aspire to be President, to see small politicians preferred before them. The Presidency is dwindling in importance with every passing term. Congress controls the administration of the Federal Government. The leader of the House and the leader of the Senate exert more influence than Presidents in moulding vital measures of public policy. Let us never despair of the Republic while The People dominate the free institutions bequeathed to us by the fathers.

A FULL STOP.

As I run my eye backward over the eighty years I have been surveying in this narrative, it occurs to me with painful suddenness that nearly all those about whom I have been writing, have passed into the spirit land. I turn over the leaf, close the chapter, and drop the pen.

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